Dr A H Strickler
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The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than in heaven!
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*Faber.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

In one respect a summer vacation is not the best season for a tour to Europe. It is vacation there too; and eminent men are apt to be absent from their accustomed haunts. We attempted to present the letters of introduction with which our friends had kindly favored us; but in most instances, were informed by servants that their master had gone to Wales, or perhaps even to Switzerland.

For the same reason we found, when Sunday morning came that the most eminent preachers were absent from their pulpits. Spurgeon was in Scotland, and Cumming somewhere on the continent. An American physician induced us to attend religious service in the Royal Foundling Hospital, an extensive institution which was originally devoted exclusively to the care of foundlings, but now furnishes a home for other classes of poor children, gathered from the streets of London.

The building is large and imposing, and, as usual, contains many portraits and tablets, in memory of deceased benefactors. The chapel has a fine organ, and the service is attended by a large audience, most of whom appear to be regular pew-holders. The children occupied the galleries, and it was a beautiful sight to see them; the little girls all wearing high linen caps, and with white kerchiefs crossed on their breast. The service was, however, exceedingly tedious, and the sermon by the aged chaplain, though pretty good, was not inspiring. Indeed, we may as well confess, that we were not greatly edified by the service of the Church of England, as we witnessed it on several occasions. The pomposity of the beadles, marching before the preacher on his way from the altar to the pulpit, and opening and closing the pulpit door; the whining intonation; the prayer for the Queen and the Prince of Wales, three times repeated—all these things were novelties, and perhaps we were not prepared to appreciate them at their proper value. But though the assertion may prove our defective taste, we must confess, that the service somehow reminded us of an iceberg; it was polished and brilliant, but cold and cheerless.

At the conclusion of the services we were shown through the hospital, and saw the children at dinner. Each child receives a piece of meat, two potatoes, a bunch of lettuce, and a large piece of bread. The little ones seemed to be well cared for, but, of course, in so large an institution every movement must be conducted with military precision. There is no room for the development of individual taste or talent; and the children had a patient, vacant look, which made us pity them. If the poor things could occasionally take a run in the green fields how much happier they would be!

It had been advertised that at 3 P. M., a sermon would be preached in Westminster Abbey by Dean Stanley, on which occasion a collection would be made in behalf of the London Asylum at Watford. At the appointed hour we stood in front of the church in the midst of a restless, expectant crowd. When the doors were opened there was an undignified rush, and we were carried along by the crowd until we reached a place very near the pulpit. This was a great advantage, for the dean has a weak voice, and many persons afterwards complained that they could not hear the sermon.

Dean Stanley is a little, old man, with large eyes and a pinched face. His hair is hidden by a close fitting skull cap, and he wears a crimson scarf over his white surplice. In the pulpit his manner is decidedly unpleasant. His voice is monotonous, and he bows his head in a way that is almost painful. His sermons are, of course, finely composed, and his English unequalled.

On this occasion Dr. Stanley began his discourse by announcing two texts: "Behold thy mother!" (John 19: 27); and "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" (Matt. 12: 50). He said that while friendship among the heathen was regarded as the noblest of virtues, it has in Christianity become a means of grace. The friendship which Jesus accorded to John gave it a sacramental character. At the moment of its most complete expression Christ made the beloved disciple a member of his own household, and thus extended the boundaries of the Christian home. John was the first fruits of that enlargement of the Christian household by which we are to realize that all who do the will of the Father are Christ's brethren and our own.

In the course of his remarks the Dean took occasion to speak very sharply of the Mariolatry of the Roman Catholic Church. He also made a number of remarks which sufficiently indicated his peculiar doctrinal bias. Thus, for instance, he said with reference to the high-church party: "There are teachers among us who practically hold, that if the ancient Roman emperors had succeeded in killing all the bishops, there would have been an end to Christianity. The perpetuity of the Church does not depend on priests and sacraments. As long as human suffering exists, and woman lives to relieve it, Christianity can not fail."

We have several times seen it stated—though, of course, the statement has been promptly denied—that Dr. Stanley is about to resign his position for the purpose of entering the Church of Rome. To any one familiar with his antecedents and recent doctrinal position, such an assertion must appear incredible, not to say ridiculous. As a radical broad-churchman his dangers appear to lie in an opposite; and Dr. Pusey has even asserted that "Dean Stanley from his peculiar indefiniteness of mind and belief, is a pioneer for unbelief from which he himself would shrink. Holding as he seems to do that no form of unbelief is wrong, he impresses on those who follow him, that no form of belief is right."

Our second visit to Westminster Abbey was no less pleasant than the first, and our reminiscences of church and city might be almost indefinitely extended. The time had, however, arrived when it was necessary to start for the continent, and this we were the more ready to do as we expected to pay a second visit to the great metropolis. On Monday evening we left London, and were soon enduring the miseries of a voyage to Holland. As, however, we have no desire to weary our readers, it may perhaps be well to rest awhile, before we venture to take up the thread, and to continue our Memories of Foreign Lands.

J. H. D.

Selections.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN.

While the Valley of Cumberland may well be proud of so many of her sons as have gone abroad and become distinguished in the world as jurists, legislators, statesmen and divines, it still remains a question to be answered how it has come to pass that she has never yet produced any very great poet or romancer. Especially is this to be wondered at, methinks, when we reflect that her first white settlers were men of undaunted courage and firm resolve, whose valorous feats in early times were well deserving of being commemorated in the highest strains of laudatory verse. On their first landing as immigrants on these western shores, they did not choose to settle themselves down at once, permanently and peaceably, on the eastern side of the Susquehanna, on lands that were still unoccupied and in reserve for them, adjoining, to be sure, to those of many earlier settlers of a different nationality and persuasion, but to be out of the way of any social, political, or religious interferences of these, and for their own emolument, they preferred, with their families, to pass over the Susquehanna, in a succession of years, into the Cumberland Valley, and settle themselves down, far and near, wherever a fresh stream might invite, along the side of the Kittatinny mountain, and often in the coves beyond, fearless or in defiance of any hostile outbreakings of the native Indians in their vicinity; thus forming, as it were, a sort of *cordon sanitaire* to protect the settlers on the eastern side of the Susquehanna from any hostile, revengeful invasions of these.

But it was not in withstanding the stealthy incursions and murderous attacks of these savages, which they had soon to endure, or in pursuing them while fleeing, after having committed their inhuman massacres, that the courage of the first settlers was best displayed. Their patriotism, loyalty, and love of liberty were better shown in the great struggle of the Colonies for their civil freedom, which soon followed. To the earliest call for engaging in this they were among the very first to respond; and after Independence had been declared, they were among the very first, as we all know, to assume their arms, and harangued by their ministers, who often accompanied them as chaplains or officers, they joined themselves to the general army, engaged in many battles manfully maintained against the foe, and came in at length for their full share of glory in the final conquest. Now an age of heroism in any country is generally succeeded by an age of poetry and romance. Of the valorous achievements accomplished by their ancestors for securing their country's freedom their immediate descendants have a right to be proud, and to celebrate these in becoming strains generally calls forth from among them, inspired by his theme, if he have the genius, some distinguished patriotic bard. To do such honor, however, to the heroes of Cumberland Valley no such expected person has as yet arisen.

This is the more to be wondered at inasmuch as the first white occupants of this Valley were derived from a nation which has always been noted for having had, not only the most distinguished heroes in its trying times, but also its most distinguished bards afterward to celebrate them. Up to the times of the American Revolution the citizens of the Valley were composed, almost without an exception, of emigrants from Scotland or from the north of Ireland, along with their immediate descendants. To distinguish them from other settlers from other countries, they are now generally called, without any discrimination, the Scotch-Irish; but even these having immigrated immediately from the north of Ireland to this Valley were in their extraction wholly Scottish and not Irish, their ancestors having come originally from Scotland; and from these they still retain their inherited Scottish genius and temperament. If the Scotch are in any measure Keltic in their constitution, which would be nothing to their disadvantage nor detract from their poetic ability, but rather add to its force, as no race is more decidedly romantic and poetic than is the Keltic, that element has been deduced, not from the Irish, but from the Highlanders of their own country, or from the old Britons or Welsh, from whom they are partially descended.

It is especially in celebrating their glorious victories over the English in times past, or in lamenting their disastrous defeats or oppressions from these, that the Scottish poets have pre-eminently excelled. In lyric poetry of a patriotic kind no where to be met with is a more spirited ode than "Bruce's Address to his Army" at Bannockburn, as composed by Burns, and none more enthusiastic than are those Jacobite songs in praise of Scotland's lawful king, as he was lovingly styled by his devoted adherents, in familiar phrase, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Yet the descendants when removed to this Valley, after having fought with these same British Redcoats with whom their fathers had contended in the old world, and for the same laudable purpose, the attaining of their freedom, when this had been gloriously secured, to be enjoyed by their descendants, strange as it might appear, they have as yet been extolled by none of these in any grateful, patriotic songs.

This, however, can be easily accounted for without any disparagement to their patriotism or their poetic genius. Of the great decisive battles of the Revolution none had been fought within the limits of their own secluded Valley. Within her confined precincts were no places hallowed by the blood of their ancestors shed in defence of their country's rights and to secure their country's freedom. While rejoicing, therefore, in the general good of the land, her people were too Scottish in their feelings, and had brought with them too much of their old nationality, though transferred now to a newer country of their own, for any of them to become so deeply affected from the contemplation or remembrance of victories obtained or of defeats endured far away from themselves, in other settlements whose people were descended from the English, at Bunker's Hill, for instance, or Stony Point, as to be induced to commemorate them in lofty verse.

The Scottish poets, however, excel not only in patriotic odes, but also in sad elegiac strains. Such as are those in commemoration of the extreme sufferings and bravely endured martyrdoms of the persecuted sect of the Covenanters during the reigns of the latter two Stuarts. As a sample of these, and to show what a Covenanter can do placed under proper circumstances, and what Covenanters can do and suffer, when brought to the emergency, for their faith, we will here recite some verses of a rustic bard, far less erudite, indeed, and certainly far less poetically gifted than was the patriotic Burns; but who yet was inspired to compose this day-dream from having, during some of his early years, tended his flocks in the immediate vicinity of Airs-moss, the scene of a skirmish between a body of the soldiers of Charles II. and a small party of Covenanters, where their minister, the famous Richard Cameron, was slain, in the year 1680, this having occurred just two hundred years ago, and in July, the very month we are now enjoying,—on the twentieth day of this month.

After descanting for a while on the summer beauties of the surrounding scenery, while the young sun was yet peering over the green mountains of Warlaw and Cairntable, and making the harebells and blue mountain flowers glisten in the early dew, and the sky-lark, springing upward from his lowly bed, was singing loud and clear as he soared far aloft into the white sunny cloud above, and Wellwood's sweet valley, from its fresh meadow blooms, was breathing music and gladness, while

"Its daughters were happy to hail the returning
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning,"

Then the poet proceeds to draw the contrast—

"But, ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings—
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings—
And drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

"'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the moist where the heath-fowl were crying;
For the horsemen of Earshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

"Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed;
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven, in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

"The hills with the sweet mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

"Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as proud and unbending
They stood like the rock which the thunder was rending.

"The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,
As in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

"When the righteous *had* fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

"A seraph unfolded its door, bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth, out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

"On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the price is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!"

Now many of the settlers of Cumberland Valley were descendants of these same Covenanters or Seceders, and they had brought over with them just the same ardent love and veneration for the open Bible, and the holy Sabbath preaching, and the Solemn League and Covenant, which had induced their forefathers when driven, in Scotland, from their homes and churches, to assemble themselves at summer's dusk on the Martyr's Hill, to sing the evening psalm; yet, in the happy Valley of Cumberland they suffered no such intolerant interdiction on their mode of worship, or persecution for conscience' sake, as might call forth any such sad poetic lamentations; and though many of them, it is true, were massacred by the Indians in a manner more barbarous even than had been some of their forefathers slain by the cruel moss-troopers of the Scottish muirlands under the direction of Charles II., yet it was not for refusing to renounce their holy faith and established mode of worship that their lives were thus sacrificed; and no poet, therefore, however he might commiserate their agonizing sufferings and death would feel himself justified, or warranted, or so highly inspired by his theme, as to represent the souls of such as coming out of great tribulation, to be received by the descending angels, and triumphantly borne aloft, up the arch of the rainbow, through the path of the thunder, to receive their crowns of martydom in a kingdom of glory. Some may heed the genius but they heed not the same inspiring name.

To be continued.

HAPPINESS OF MAN.

It is not a man's outward circumstances, or what he has about him, that makes him happy, but his faith in God, that which is hidden in the depths of his soul. A man's inward state must be in union with God; the laws of his spiritual being and the laws of God in the New Testament must be obeyed, if we would be truly happy. His happiness will depend on his character, on his trust in Jehovah, on the principles by which he is governed, on what he is in himself, and not in the largeness of his estate, the richness or fashion of his clothes, the number of his servants, the weight of his purse, or the reputation in which he is held among men. Hence some have been happy and joyful bound with fetters in a dungeon, and others have been sad and miserable in a mansion.—*Silas Henn.*

Family Reading.

EVEN-SONG.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

All day the birds are singing as they flit from grove and tree,
But at twilight hath their music the sweetest sound to me,

For then all tones are gathered into one full-tided chord,
And up from wood and meadow arises "Praise the Lord."

The soft wind bears it onward, low murmuring in the pines,
I hear it in the rustle of the moth amid the vines.

The bee that swingeth homeward, after honey-seeking hours,
Hath the secret, in his whirring, of the vivid life of flowers.

The cattle slowly wending from the pasture-land their way,
In every tinkle of their bells, tell of the ending day.

Then, sudden from the orchard, out rings the robin's note,
In silver trills around me his rapture seems to float.

And, listening, my spirit is borne to realms afar,
Yet near, as near as heaven, where the happy ransomed are.

I join my silence unto the many-threaded strain
That unto God uplifted, goes on through joy and pain.

Away from space and limits, away from time and sense,
I send my thought to find its rest in God's kind providence.

For, at night, when work is over, and cares awhile retreat,
The soul must breathe its even-song low at the Father's feet.

—*S. S. Times.*

GETTING MARRIED.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy, it is sometimes turned into a horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its *social* side. Persons rise or fall, or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, energetic girl, and the result is the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its *prudential* side. When the young people set out in disregard of the first principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self-denial, forethought, and careful calculation, are made at the beginning, and even overmastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up," however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings-bank book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagances to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a bank president, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes every one of them keep a savings-bank book.

Marriage has an *intellectual* side. A man with a handsome face and figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though perhaps without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself, "When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less lustre than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?"

Marriage has a *moral* side. Harry Bell admired his "girl," but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do honor to her principle. She dazzled others, she fascinated him, he was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it, he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad, and the girls are "not turning out well." It might have been different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a *personal* side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—a very little—jealousy of disposition—may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew that she had a temper of her own; and, unfortunately, now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's, he knows it, likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand, Dick Brown is in many respects a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed, and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has, in various small ways, "cribbed, cabined, and confined her," till a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glances at him, that she may find out whether, unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her sideways all the evening if she showed too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantnesses" and quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah, Mr. Looker, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes interested in some one, commits herself, and when he comes to ask permission of her parents to address her, every one knows that it is of no use for them to refuse. She will have him, whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-controlled persons. They say to one another: "This is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie has made, but she has made it, and we must make the best of it." So she is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is conciliated, influenced, guided. His respect and confidence is secured, so that instead of standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly employing his power, he becomes ambitious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's folks; so he is lifted up and saved. The relations of young married people can do much to make or mar them.

PRESUMPTION.

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed:—"This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side-stone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it as almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Standard.*

A GLEAM ACROSS THE WAVE.

Rev. Spencer Compton, the earnest evangelical minister at Boulogne, France, relates the following incident:—"During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right, he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place.

"The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

Christian worker, never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do even in the dark and weary waves. Looking unto Jesus, lift up your light; let it so shine that men may see, and in the resurrection morning, what joy to hear the Well done! and to know that you have unawares saved some soul from death! —*Christian Herald.*

MEEKNESS.

Meekness is not weakness. A man may be weak and meek, but he is not meek because he is weak.

Rather, meekness implies strength, some strength of passion. No being without passion can be meek. Meekness is not stoicism, is not that self control which comes from the culture of the mind, and is produced by mingling with gentle society.

No man is naturally meek. Some people are born servile. They are Uriah Heeps from their birth. Some are born humble, some soft, some weak, some lymphatic. No man was ever born meek. That natural characteristic which most resembles meekness, which a man may have from his birth, is despicable; and when he acquires it by practice it is villainous.

St. Paul teaches, in Galatians v. 28, that meekness is "the fruit of the Spirit." It is a purely Christian virtue. The heathen neither had it nor taught it. Roman virtue was precisely the opposite to meekness. He was the most virtuous man who used his powers of body and mind to punish his enemy.

The meek man is a man out of whom pride, unforgiveness, and hatred have been taken by the Spirit of God. He knows his rights; he maintains them quietly. He feels through all his soul an injury done him; but never seeks redress by vengeance. That which by nature is despicable in man, is absolutely sublime when superinduced upon his character by the Holy Ghost. He abstains from injuring his enemy, not because he does not feel the injury done himself, nor because it is politic to suffer wrong for a season, but because it is pleasing to his heavenly Father that he should overcome evil with good. Our highest example of consummate meekness is in our Lord Jesus Christ. The greatest possible injury was even done to Him, such as no other man ever endured. He thrilled to the core of his soul in being spit upon. Then did Jesus, being more insulted than any other man could be, having far more might and power over His enemies than ever any other man did have, bear all His wrongs as quietly as if He had no ability to take vengeance.

Cowards and weaklings can never be meek; but strong, positive, passionate natures come to their utmost grandeur when they endure temporary wrong to themselves for the sake of eternal right to the universe.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

All duty, however secular its character, however humble its aspect, is our Father's business. It is the spirit in which our duty is done which makes work either secular or sacred. Our Father's business is not to be confined to what we call religious duties or devotional exercises. The common business of life, the daily labor by which we live, the week-day toiling and moiling which makes the Lord's Day so welcome, need not be essentially different from what the child Jesus spoke of as "my Father's business."

Still, it is the plain fact that there is work given us to do which has a special character, which is specifically the Lord's work, and not man's work—our Father's business in a peculiar sense. The child Jesus connected it with the house of God and the law of God; and when He became a man and had entered upon His ministry, He spoke of His teaching and healing, His labors and His sufferings, as "the works of Him that sent me." When He drew near to the end of His life, He said to His Father: "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do, and now I come to Thee;" whilst to His disciples He said: "As my Father sent me, so send I you,"—"the works that I do shall ye do also." "My Father's business," therefore, means the work in which Jesus lived and died, the establishing of the kingdom of God in this world, the preaching and teaching of the gospel, the saving of men's souls through the truth as it is in Christ, and the destroying of the works of the devil. Upon every one of us who calls Him Lord, Jesus lays His command to labor with Him and His Church, that our Father's kingdom may come and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. To do good unto all men as we have opportunity; to be helpers and healers of mankind; to be the salt and the light of this world, that we may be meet for the glory, honor, and immortality of the world to come;—this is the high vocation to which Christians are called. This is the business for which we are here. Have we any cause of complaint? Surely it is both noble and joyous. To lift the load of misery and sin from men's hearts, and to lighten their darkness with the light of divine truth and love, can tire no man whose heart is right with God. We may be tired *in* the work sometimes, but *of* it never. Strength, patience, courage, material resources, may be tasked to the uttermost, but our Father's business can never grieve us. Money and time and life, often enough spent in vain in worldly business, may be good seed unto life everlasting.

"I *must* be about My Father's business." Why this *must?* Because He could not help Himself? Because conscience gave Him no rest? Nay; but because He delighted to do His Father's will. So the noblest, purest, greatest souls have always said, rejoicing to spend and be spent in this service, counting not their lives dear unto them. The noblest motives by which men can be influenced are called into fruitful activity by "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." They who think it a weariness and a burden to serve Christ, and who give grudgingly of their means to His work, have yet to learn the very alphabet of the gospel. They are like the disciples who knew only the baptism of John, and had not heard whether there be any Holy Spirit. "For the fruit of the Spirit is love."

Let us make "business" of the Lord's work, applying to our religious duties the principles and methods which we deem indispensable in secular affairs. Industry, perseverance, forethought, self-restraint, resolute application of strength and time and means, are justly regarded as the ordinary conditions of successful business life. Why should they not be deemed equally important in the spiritual life, both in the individual and the Church? The growth of the soul in the divine likeness is a work demanding all these qualities in order to success. And likewise the growth of the Church is the due result of a corporate life and energy which "maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings,
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not that his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
But the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour,
As we drove back through the town.

—*Episcopalian.*

ATTENDANCE ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Bishop Huntington in his Convention address to the clergy of his diocese, adverts with his wonted force and elegance to the duty of attendance on the ordinances of worship: "There are defects of worship. Perhaps some of us would find them in one place and some in another. Some of the clergy are troubled because so few people come to the services they have; others because they cannot have the services they would; others still because their neighbors have too many. Most of us, I rather think, could without injustice to ourselves be discontented with what we do to make these services all that they might be, as the voice, the offering, the prayer and praise of a people, be they few or many, who verily believe that they are covenanted and sworn together to laud and magnify a king and Saviour whom they loyally and enthusiastically love—for all His benefits, in His present glory—a people who, by these testimonies of assembly and liturgy, and hearing of His Word and hymns, and the celebration of His joyful feasts, are at once receiving from Him and setting Him forth before the world about them. What if that world is indifferent, stays away, sneers, comes and goes with the clouds or its own shifting moods? What has this to do with the 'service?' What are numbers, popularity, eloquence, a fine art in the choir-loft, to these 'two or three' who really believe? What are they to Him who bends from His holy heavens, is 'in the midst of them,' seeing and weighing every heart? Dwell on that mystical presence a while till it fills your soul with lowly adoration, and then put beside it, if you dare do it, the musical performance and performers that, in some of our churches—I am thankful to say there are not many of them left—profane both the sanctuary and the song. With this mutual approach of heaven and earth—this reception and entertainment of the Lord of lords, this witnessing before men and angels, is it probable there will be too much reverence—if only the reverence is genuine and not affected—an utterance of lowly devotion and not, of sensuous excitement or party pride?"

UNDER HIS WINGS.

"Under His wings shalt thou trust."—Ps. xci. 4.

That means to-day, not some other time! Under His wings, the shadowing wings of the Most High, you, poor little helpless one, are to trust to-day.

When the little eaglets, that have not yet a feather to fly with, are under the great wings of the parent eagle, how safe they are! Who would dare touch them? If a bold climber put his hand into the nest then, those powerful wings would beat him in a minute from his hold, and he would fall down on the rocks and be dashed to pieces. So safe shall you be "under His wings," "nothing shall by any means hurt you" there.

When the wild snow-storms rage round the eyrie, and the mountain cold is felt, that is death to an unprotected sleeper, how warm the little eaglets are kept! Not an arrow of the keen blast reaches them, poor little featherless things, not a snowflake touches them. So warm shall you be kept "under His wings," when any cold and dark day of trouble comes, or even any sudden little blast of unkindness or loneliness.

"Under His wings shalt thou *trust!*" Not "shalt thou *see!*" If one of the eaglets wanted to see for itself what was going on, and thought it could take care of itself for a little while, and hopped from under the shadow of the wings, it would be neither safe nor warm. The sharp wind would chill it, and the cruel hand might seize it then. So you are to *trust*, rest quietly and peacefully, "under His wings;" stay there, not be peeping out and wondering whether God really is taking care of you! You may be always safe and happy there. Safe, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge." Happy, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

Remember, too, that it is a command as well as a promise; it is what you are to do to-day, all day long: "Under His wings *shalt* thou trust!"

"I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

"I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

ALL consolation that does not come from God is desolation.

GOD walketh with the simple, revealeth Himself to the humble, and giveth understanding to the little ones. He discloseth His meaning to pure minds, and hideth His grace from the curious and proud.—*A'Kempis.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

If jars for the purpose of holding cream are constructed with faucets in them, the water of the cream will sink to the bottom, and can be drawn off without disturbing the cream. This water is bitter, and frequently imparts to the butter a bitter taste, but by being drawn off as described the butter will not be thus affected.

A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

CLEANING CLOTHES.—A strip of old black broadcloth, four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is far better than a sponge or a cloth for cleansing black and dark-colored clothes. Whatever lint comes from it in rubbing is black, and does not show. When black clothes are washed, as they may often be previous to making over, fresh clean water should be used, and they should be pressed on the wrong side before being quite dry. If washed in water previously used for white clothing, they will be covered with lint.

Miscellaneous.

THE RICH PRINCE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Praising with the finest speeches
Each his land's own worth and store,
Once at Worms in Kaiser palace
Sat the German princes four.

"Splendid," spake the Prince of Saxon,
"Is my land, and great its power;
Silver laden are its mountains,
Deep its shafts of priceless dower."

"See my land's exhaustless treasure,"
Spake the Prince from on the Rhine;
"Golden seeds lie in its valleys,
Down its mountains flows the wine."

"Largest cities, richest cloisters,"
Ludwig, of Bavaria, said,
"Show that my fair land beside yours
Holds no smaller treasure-bed."

Eberhard, he of the long beard,
Wirtemberg's beloved Herr,
Said, "My land has smallest cities,
Mountains yield not silver there,

"But a jewel is there hidden
In the forest vast and wild—
On the lap of any subject
I can rest as when a child."

Then cried out the Prince from Saxon,
From Bavaria, from the Rhine;
"Eberhard, thou art the richest,
Thy land holds the Edelstein."

—*Emily Howard.*

THE FAMINE IN ASIA MINOR.

Though there is every prospect of an abundant harvest this year throughout the greater part of Asia Minor, the famine is by no means at an end, and the latest accounts depict the condition of the population in very sombre colors. From Erzeroum, for example, it is reported that, in the districts of Alashgurd and Pasin, grain cannot be obtained at less than ten times its ordinary price, and the inhabitants suffer terribly from want of food. Rain has fallen, and the harvest prospects are good; but if help be not obtainable for some time to come many must die of starvation.

At Khanous there is intense suffering, and the benevolent intentions of the central authorities have been to a great extent frustrated by the inhuman conduct of the Kaimakam, Iskander Bey. That functionary was ordered to sell to the peasants some of the grain belonging to the Government at £4 per *somar, but*, instead of acting according to these instructions, he gave part of the supplies to the speculators, who shared the profits with him, and he sold the rest to the people at £7 per somar. A considerable portion of the grain obtained by the peasants was carried off by the Kurds and Circassians, who have taken advantage of being armed.

At Mardin food is said to be twenty times the usual price. The Protestant community of that town has done much to alleviate the suffering, but it can no longer procure the necessary amount of grain, and the bakeries are besieged from morning till night by a famished crowd. In the villages many of the people sustain life by eating herbs, roots, grass, linseed, cotton-seed, and the leaves of certain trees. Horrible diseases are the natural result of this unwholesome kind of nourishment. In the neighborhood of Mossul the famine seems to be still more intense. A correspondent from that town writes as follows:

The suffering and despair engendered by the famine are such that the people have abandoned their usual apathetic resignation, and are now living in an indescribable chaos. Robberies and depredations are committed in broad daylight in the public streets. Emaciated, ghastly forms, resembling skeletons rather than living men and women, wander about begging for a morsel of bread. In the town, from five to ten of these unfortunates die daily. In the neighboring villages the peasants sometimes stay the pangs of hunger for the moment by swallowing a kind of earth. The mortality is from 50 to 100 per day. We have seen parents offer to sell their children, but no one wished to buy them. At El-Kosh, the Kurds have sold hundreds of young girls at about $10 a head in order to buy food.

From all sides I learn that the British Consuls, the Armenian relief committees, and the American missionaries have been most active and have done all in their power to alleviate the miseries of the famished population; but the means at their disposal are very insufficient, and there has been hitherto great difficulty in transporting grain from one district to another, partly on account of the deep snow and bad condition of the roads, and partly on account of the general state of insecurity. Those who have contributed to the relief funds in England and elsewhere may have the satisfaction of feeling that they have helped to save many from death by starvation; but the mortality has been very great, and, unless more funds can be speedily obtained, a large number must still perish.

The following incident of the famine rests upon the authority of the London *Telegraph*: "According to the latest accounts from Armenia, famine is slaying its hundreds daily in that unfortunate country. It would appear that the inhabitants of certain districts, having consumed their horned stocks to the last working bullock and milch cow, have taken to eating the dogs that abound in all Oriental lands, and that extremity of hunger has forced them to even more desperate expedients to obtain animal food. Only the other day a heavily-laden camel was being driven by its owner through the bazaar of Van. It was a comely, well-fed, fleshy beast, and its meaty aspect proved an irresistible temptation to the starving Vanites, some dozens of whom, as though prompted by a common impulse, made a simultaneous rush upon the luckless Ship of the Desert, and hacked at it mercilessly with their knives, cutting away lumps of flesh, which they devoured while still warm and bleeding. Presently the mangled brute gave up the ghost, succumbing to loss of blood, whereupon its carcass was so swiftly disposed of by the famished crowd gathered round the scene of its slaughter that a few moments later only a litter of clean-picked bones remained to mark the spot upon which the inhabitants of Van had eaten up a whole camel, raw and all but alive."—*London Times.*

THE BAPTISTERY AT RAVENNA.

The person interested in early Christian art will travel long and far before he finds a more interesting relic than this famous edifice. The figures of the Prophets and Apostles in the interior mosaic decoration are ranked among the noblest specimens of early Christian art, and they possess a peculiar historical value in that they distinctly indicate the tone of Christian belief in the fifth century and, in that regard are as useful as the productions of the Renaissance artists of ten centuries later. The monuments at Ravenna more, perhaps, than those of any other Italian city except Rome, have been injured from the accumulation of soil about them. The Baptistery has suffered seriously in this particular, the modern pavement being nearly eight feet above the ancient. It is proposed to raise this entire structure to the line of the present soil—a work which it is believed would involve serious injury if not irreparable ruin to the mosaics. A protest against this undertaking has been made. It is urged that the exterior of the building possesses little or no interest, being of rough brick work, so that the project could scarcely result in gain if successful. The founder of the sacred edfice was St. Ursus, who lived in the inglorious reign of Honorius, that son of Theodosius, the great and first Emperor of the West, who made his residence at Ravenna and died in 423.

THE TOMB OF A VIKING.

Near the small village of Gogstad, in Norway, is a tumulus or funereal hill, to which local tradition has always given the name of King's Hill. In the flat fields that stretch away from the sea to the mountains it rises slowly from the ground, being nearly 190 feet in diameter and covered with green turf. A mighty monarch rested there, it was said, but superstitious fear has until now detained every one from making any examination of the spot. Excavations were finally begun in April last, and extended into and through May, and they have brought to light the entire body of an old Viking vessel 74 feet long between stem and stern, 16 feet broad, and drawing 5 feet of water. At present the tumulus is nearly a mile distant from the sea, and it is evident from the nature of the soil that the water of the sea once laved its base. In the bottom of the boat were found the remains of two or three small oaken boats of elegant shape placed over a multitude of oars, some of which belonged to the small boats and others to the large vessel itself. In the middle of the vessel was built the funereal chamber, formed of strong planks and beams placed obliquely against each other, and covering a room nearly fifteen feet square. Here it was expected that the body would be found in state. But some one had been into the grave at an earlier time. Either in ancient days, when the costly weapons might have tempted surviving warriors, or in more modern times when men were greedy for treasure, the tomb of the ancient hero has been desecrated and robbed. What remains is apparently due only to the haste and fear under which the spoilers did their work. All that could be got together comprised a few human bones, some shreds of brocade, several fragments of bridles, saddles, and pieces of bronze, silver, and lead. On each side of the vessel were found the bones of a horse and of two or three hounds. Antiquarians place the date of the tumulus with the period termed the Younger Iron Age, distant from our time about one thousand years, or near the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor at Rome. At that time Norway was divided between the wild chieftains and the sea kings, and so continued until near the close of the ninth century, when Harold conquered them and laid the foundations of Norway as a State and nation.

A CHINESE ROMANCE.

People complain a good deal of the sensational character of modern English novels. But the wildest plots given in these do not equal the every-day occurrences of Chinese domestic life. We know, for instance, that young ladies who are crossed in love do sometimes die of a broken heart. But we don't exactly find in *The London Gazette*—which is precisely the same sort of paper as *The Pekin Gazette*—the sort of notice which follows: "January 31. His Majesty the Emperor directs the proper board to bestow the usual mark of Imperial favor on the daughter of a man in Pekin named Ho En tsao, who, hearing of the death of her betrothed, vowed eternal celibacy, took poison, and died." I do not know if that sort of loyalty to one's love is quite commendable; but the Chinese think differently. By the way, certain writers on China deny that the Chinese ever feel the sentiment of love as we define it. However that may be, there are Chinese examples of faithfulness which are not often paralleled amongst ourselves. I avail myself of Mr. Balfour's authority. Some years ago at Patung a girl of good family was betrothed to a youth of the name of Chao, who unfortunately died shortly before the day appointed for the espousals. The bereaved bride was inconsolable, and entreated her parents to allow her to visit the coffin of her lost love. This request was refused, on grounds of propriety; but the girl, breaking all bounds, ran away to the house of mourning, and throwing herself on the floor beside the corpse, howled in a most determined manner. All attempts to pacify her were useless; and she insisted, moreover, on taking up her abode with that of the dead lad's parents from that time forward, and devoting herself to them until their death. This was very heroic, of course, but it seems that the old people would rather have been without her. However, she would take no denial, and absolutely did stay and earn enough to pay for her own keep, and to contribute toward the other expenses, for about five years. Then the old couple died; and this virtuous maiden, having honored them there with burial, prepared for her own doom. About this time political matters were in a very unsettled state, and it was rumored in the neighborhood that the T'ai-p'ing rebels were approaching fast. The excesses of the insurgents were of course well known and dreaded, and the girl was fully aware that if they reached the place while she was alive, her unprotected situation would expose her to the loss of liberty and everything else that she possessed. She accordingly dressed herself in all her richest clothes, as though for a festivity: and then—so goes the story—took a needle, threaded it with silk, and sewed her garments securely on to her own flesh. This done she drank poison and died. The very next day the rebels came; discovering this lovely corpse, and seeing at a glance the proof of the girl's purity and honor, they treated her with the profoundest reverence. So far, indeed, from robbing her of a single jewel, they gave her honorable interment.—*Temple Bar.*

Items of Interest.

The Austrian Government has lately adopted a policy which is likely to cause a great commotion throughout Dalmatia. Count Taaffe has prohibited the use of the Italian language in the schools of the provinces, although Italian is almost exclusively spoken by the inhabitants. It is feared that the order may furnish a good reason for a revival of the agitation set on foot by the "Italia Irredenta."

A new structure of the kind known as Towers of Silence has been put up at Bombay. Its object is to serve as a place where the bodies of the dead can be exposed to the rapacity of the vultures and by them destroyed. It was dedicated in secret and is used by the followers of the faith known as the Zoroastrian. It is a law that the first body expose to the birds of prey must be that of a very young child.

A letter from Bordeaux gives a frightful account of the leech-ponds ten miles from that city. The leech-ponds are regularly fed with the blood of old horses, which are driven into the ponds, where the leeches suck them till they grow faint. Then they are taken out and allowed to graze in the fields till they regain a little strength, when they are again driven into the pond and the process is repeated till at last they are dragged out blood less and dead. A well-known English veterinary surgeon, who has done much to mitigate the horrors of some of the Continental veterinary schools, has taken this matter of the Bordeaux leech-ponds in hand.

France is at present suffering from a plague of wolves, no less than half a million of these animals being estimated to exist in France at the present moment. The damage inflicted by these creatures in their nocturnal raids from forest and mountain, is estimated at $10,000,000 annually. The large number of wolves is the more surprising, as a regular body known as the *Louveterie*, and numbering close upon 1000 men, is maintained specially to keep down wild beasts; but from the returns published it appears that only 355 wolves were killed in 1879. Two bills have been introduced on the subject, and it is proposed to place a high price on the head of each wolf—as high as $40 in the case of a known "man eater."

Selections.

Experience is the Lord's school; and they who are taught by Him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with, that they have no strength.—*John Newton.*

A king would try his servants on a day,
And none suspecting in the street was seen
A mendicant of most unroyal mien,
Who with no empty wallet passed away.

One, offering all he had, went poor for him;
One gave him silver, though he carried gold;
One gave him godspeed; and one was bold
To throw him coins debased and clipped of rim.

But when the king returned in robes and crown,
He that went poor was only poor a day,
But whoso stinted him, or said him nay,
He entered knight, but left the presence clown.

Love leaves his court to look for lovers true,
And, masked himself, unmasks his retinue.

Science and Art.

POLAR SHOES.—Jacob Zaun & Son, a Philadelphia firm next to our office on Arch street, made fifty pairs of shoes for the members of Captain Howgate's Polar Expedition. Each pair weighs about five pounds, and is large enough to allow the wearer to protect his feet with three or four pairs of thick stockings. The soles are three-fourths of an inch thick, and between the inner and outer soles are layers of cork. The uppers are thick black Arctic beaver cloth, lined with lamb's wool, with a layer of bladder between.

SLAG CEMENT.—Mr. Ransome, a well-known English inventor of cements and artificial stones, has recently manufactured a new cement, which seems to rival Portland cement in quality, and is much cheaper. The cement is made of the slag sand of iron blast furnaces, with a mixture of lime in some form. In Mr. Ransome's experiment, one ton of slag sand, furnished by the Tees Iron Company, was mixed with 1¾ tons of white Essex chalk, and subsequently burnt in an ordinary cement kiln. A still better cement, it is claimed, can be made by using slag sand containing a greater proportion of alumina than that furnished by the Tees Company.

WHY SNOW AT GREAT ALTITUDES DOES NOT MELT.—Mr. James Croll, the author of Climate and Time, gives in *Nature* his views as to the influence of aqueous vapor on the melting point of snow: He says:

The reason why snow at great elevation does not melt, but remains permanent, is owing to the fact that the heat received from the sun is thrown off into stellar space so rapidly by radiation and reflection that the sun fails to raise the temperature of the snow to the melting point; the snow evaporates, but it does not melt. The summits of the Himalayas, for example, must receive more than ten times the amount of heat necessary to melt all the snow that falls on them, notwithstanding which the snow is not melted. And in spite of the strength of the sun and the dryness of the air at those altitudes, evaporation is insufficient to remove the snow. At low elevations, where the snowfall is probably greater and the amount of heat even less than at the summits, the snow melts and disappears. This, I believe, we must attribute to the influence of aqueous vapor. At high elevations the air is dry and allows the heat radiated from the snow to pass into space; but at low elevations a very considerable amount of the heat radiated from the snow is absorbed in passing through the atmosphere. A considerable portion of the heat thus absorbed by the vapor is radiated back on the snow, but the heat thus radiated being of the same quality as that which the snow itself radiates, is on this account absorbed by the snow. Little or none of it is reflected like that received from the sun. The consequence is that the heat thus absorbed accumulates in the snow till melting takes place. Were the amount of aqueous vapor possessed by the atmosphere sufficiently diminished, perpetual snow would cover our globe down to the seashore. It is true that the air is warmer at the lower level than at the higher level, and by contact with the snow must tend to melt it more at the former than at the latter position. But we must remember that the air is warmer mainly in consequence of the influence of aqueous vapor, and that were the quantity of vapor reduced to the amount in question the difference of temperature at the two positions would not be great.

Personal.

Mr. Tennyson is described as once pointing out some land to a friend and saying: "I bought that of 'Enoch Arden.'"

Both General Hancock and General Garfield are invited to attend the New England Fair in Worcester, Mass., in September.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is described as an attractive, fluent, clever speaker. He knows how to suit his remarks to his audience, and possesses the faculty which Lord Beaconsfield has in so remarkable degree, of being able to string together a succession of plausible platitudes which mean absolutely nothing, but which satisfy the audience for the time being.

The Empress Eugenie proceeded on foot into the South African valley where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed the white monument, thrown into sharp relief by the dark back-ground, but it only seemed to catch the eye of the Empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication toward heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrow and vigils, she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eye-witness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley, and the Empress stayed there for two days. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed there with the Englishwomen who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWER NOTES.—Cuttings from many plants strike or root freely in any other moist substance, and soft-wooded plants of free growth—such as fuchsias, verbenas, and lobelia—root quickly and freely in sawdust, wet sand, or sand and water, if placed in a brisk temperature. Rose-cuttings, as well as those of the oleander and many others, root freely in bottles of soft or rain-water.

The observation of practical and experimental gardeners seems to confirm the fact that, to produce brilliant colors in flowers, it is necessary to supply the soil with an abundance of ferruginous constituents and silica. If potash be added, or the ground dressed round about the growing flowers with unleached wood-ashes, an increased brilliancy will appear in every petal and leaf. Even white flowers, or roses that have petals nearly white, will be greatly improved in brilliancy by providing iron-sand and unleached ashes for the roots of growing plants. Ferruginous elements may be applied to the soil where flowers are growing, or where they are to grow, by procuring a supply of oxide of iron, in the form of dark-colored scales that fall from the heated bars of iron when the metal is hammered by the blacksmiths.—*Am. Cultivator.*

MILK FOR POULTRY.—This is one of the very best things to give either young or old fowls. Most every breeder has tested its value and recommended it as a wholesome and nutritious diet, naturally adapted for young chicks and poultry. On every farm and in most all suburban homes milk is fed to pigs. This is one way to utilize it. But if farmers paid more attention to their poultry stock than they do, they would find that they could turn it to better account by feeding it to their chicks and laying hens.

All kinds of poultry are fond of milk. Although they soon become satiated if fed exclusively on grain, animal, vegetable or insect food, they seldom refuse milk in any form—fresh or sour, it makes no difference to them. Nowadays milk enters largely into the bill of fare for chicks and fowls. Fanciers have found out that it contains properties beneficial to their health and early development. Almost the first food—and with many the first after the yolk is assimilated—its soothing and nutritive effect is apparent, and if mixed with stale bread crumbs or oatmeal cake nothing is better.

Now for laying hens milk is nourishing and induces laying. Where it can be spared it is more valuable to the poultry stock than to any other. If farmers would give it a fair trial, and lay aside the fogy notions of their ancestors and look at things in a new light, they would abandon the practice of feeding their spare milk to pigs and give it to a better paying stock.—*Poultry World.*

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1884, July 24th, 1880. Contents: The Slavonic Menace to Europe, *Quarterly Review;* He that will not when he may, by Mrs. Oliphant, part XX., *Advance Sheets;* Fishing and Fishing Literature, *Blackwood's Magazine;* Victor Hugo, by the author of "Roman Violets," etc., *Temple Bar;* Scientific Results of the Howgate Expedition, 1877-78, *Nature;* Heresy in Science, *Pall Mall Gazette;* Sir John Lubbock on the Habits of Ants, *Nature;* The Nature of an Oath, *Spectator;* Sign-Language Among the American Indians, *Nature;* Poetry. Published every Saturday by Littell & Co., Boston.

The August WIDE AWAKE, with its beautiful frontispieces by Jessie Curtis and Miss L. B. Humphrey, ought to be packed up in all the vacation trunks bound for the country and the seaside, for it is full of entertaining reading for the hammock and the veranda. Nora Perry, in "Miss Violet," tells a story full of wisdom for all young girls just going into society, and M. E. W. S. (Mrs. Sherwood) has an unique beach story for the boys, entitled "Job Pigstirrup." John Brownjohn begins his "Queerclover Chronicles" with the very funny account of 'Miss Marrowphat's Maltee," with three spirited illustrations by "Boz." Mrs. A. M. Diaz, a perennial favorite with story-lovers, has a tale of "Robbie and Bobbie," for the little boys. But the merriest contribution to the number is Mrs. Clara Doty Bates' paraphrase of the "Three Little Kittens that Lost their Mittens," with eight funny drawings by J. G. Francis. There is a beautiful "Nursery Tile," and also three very beautiful full-page illustrations for Miss Harris' third paper in the "How we went Birds' Nesting." There is a notable article in the "American Artists" series about Mr. George Inness, with a fac-simile of a recent fine etching by Mr. Inness, a beautiful landscape lately on exhibition at the Boston Art Club rooms, and a studio and portrait. Kindred in subject is an admirable paper by Miss F. E. Fryatt on the New York Art School for Children, with many beautiful illustrations by Jessie Curtis. The number has also many gems of poems: "A Racket," by M. E. B., "In Midsummer," by Mrs. L. C. Whiton, "What a Bird Said," by Mrs. M. F. Butts, "The Bedouin's Rebuke," by Joel Benton, etc., etc.

Only $2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1880. Contents: Frontispiece, "Hop o' my Thumb;" The Fox and the Stork, illustration; "A Plump Little Girl," Jingle, illustration; The Darning-Needle, four illustrations; Pussy and Her Elephant, illustrations; The Invasion, picture; Jack and Jill, chapters XVII., XVIII., and XIX., illustrations; The Making of the Humming-bird, poem; The Coral Castle, illustrations; The Ice-cream Man; Chewink, poem; Placer and Gulch Mining for Gold, illustrations; A Trial by Jury; Johnny's Pockets; Mother's Hired Man, illustration; A Happy Thought for Street Children, illustrations; The Pet Name, Jingle; The Major's Big-Talk Stories, Nos. V. and VI.; Song of the Palm leaf Fan, illustration; Why the Black Cat Winked, illustrations; Combining Pleasure with Duty; The Woodman's Daughter, poem; A Little Wave's History; The Fairport Nine, chapters VII. and VIII., illustrations; Before and After Flowering, poem, illustration; Marjorie's Peril, illustration; For Very Little Folk, illustrations; Jack-in the Pulpit; The Letter-Box, illustrated; The Riddle-Box illustrated. Subscription price, $3 00 a year; 25 cents a number. Scribner & Co., 743 & 745 Broadway, New York.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS. D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. C. U. HEILMAN, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1880.

BISHOP COXE ON THE BIBLE REVISION COMMITTEE.

Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, has shown great concern about the "Bible-Revision" which has been going forward for some years in the hands of eminent scholars in England and America. He is exceedingly anxious, for instance, that the Old King James' translation should in no wise be hastily superceded by the revised Book, which the committee will soon give to the public. Most of the objections he urges against any precipitate action are weighty. Indeed it seems to us he is about right in nearly all he says in the way of caution against changes which may help to unsettle faith, and open the doors for men to take all kinds of liberties with the word of God. And his ideas in these regards will, we think, prevail. The wisest members of the committee will not be urgent, and the people who love the English Bible will not allow any alterations to be thrust upon them authoritatively, so that even the attempt to have the Revised Book, published by funds furnished to the Bible Society for printing and circulating the received version will meet with great opposition. The present generation will not see the day when the New Version will be regarded as anything more than a good commentary upon the old. The Church of Christ can afford to wait in such matters.

But Bishop Coxe has made a new departure. He seems now to think that the English Bible is the sole property of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and that if it is to be revised at all it should be done by Englishmen or Americans of that Church, appointed canonically for the purpose. That is the sum and substance of his late article in the *Churchman*.

He objects to Dr. Schaff's having anything to do with the revision, because he is not an "American;" and because the "German Reformed Church," to which the Bishop thinks Dr. Schaff still belongs, is not an "American Church." Yet in the only sense that Bishop Coxe's declaration has meaning, the German Reformed Church is as much an American Church, as the Protestant Episcopal Church is, for if he means that his Church originated here, it is a hard lick at his apostolic succession.

What makes things worse, and seems to disturb Bishop Coxe most is, that this work is done by Dr. Schaff and others, with the advice and consent of some of the Bishops of England. They authorized Dr. Schaff to select members of the Committee of revision, and some Bishops on both sides of the water have been working hand in glove with the non-Episcopal, non-American scholars.

With a personal courtesy that is intended to cover up ecclesiastical intolerance, Bishop Coxe more than intimates that Dr. Schaff has been forward in this matter. The Bishop's italicized quotations from Dr. Schaff show this. Thus he says, "Dr. Schaff writes as follows:

"*At his* (Dr. Angus) *request* I prepared *a draft of rules for* co-operation, and a *list of names* of Biblical Scholars, who would most probably represent the different denominations and literary institutes in this movement. The *suggestions* were submitted to the British committee and approved * * * I was *empowered* by the British committee to select and invite scholars from non-Episcopal Churches; the nomination of members from this American Episcopal Church was for obvious reason placed in the hands of *some of its Bishops*, but as they declined to take action I was requested to fill out the list."

In regard to this virtual charge of presumption, Dr. Schaff will doubtless be able to take care of himself. It is not a matter that concerns us. Indeed Bishop Coxe after setting forth the matter as above and positively denying the right of Dr. Schaff to act, says:

"Now to all this so far as my worthy friend Dr. Schaff is concerned I have nothing to object; my complaint is against our own brethren in England. As a Bishop I very seriously object to the conduct of beloved Bishops of England, who have taken our hereditary Bible out of our hands and 'empowered' others to act for us here in America, touching the most sacred trusts with which we are charged by the great Head of the Church."

Such talk is exceedingly weak, and will be so regarded by many Episcopalians, especially if it is remembered that the scholarship of such Germans as Bucer and Martyr was brought into requisition when the English Liturgy was to be formed.

The Bishop of Western New York thinks if this work was to be done at all it should have been done only by the Bishops of the English Church, not as individuals, but in such canonical way as to give it their ecclesiastical sanction. "The Province of Canterbury has no right to act without the Province of York," and, besides, says the Bishop, "The Province of Canterbury was bound by every consideration of Catholic principle and international courtesy to act for America only *through our own Church*, as a sister Church, and the only body on this continent in full communication with their own primate."

Independent of this attempted usurpation of the right to revise the English Bible, it is vain to say that any emendations would have been agreed upon if the work had been committed to prelates of the English Church alone. The high and low Church parties in the British Isles, and in this country would have been less likely to agree as to their own lectionary than any one else. What strikes us as peculiar, is that the English Bishops, to the manor born, have given consent and co-operation in this work of revision as now conducted, while some of those whose relation to the English Church does not date back to the day of their own birth are so very zealous in their protests against having their "*hereditary*" Bible taken out of their own hands. Bishop Coxe, for instance, speaking of those who wished to have a say in the revision says, "Others of us, however, ill-qualified in many respects, are yet so happy as to have been taught by our Lois and Eunice, to know the Holy Scriptures in the English version even from our cradles, and we can bear testimony to the popular feeling, etc." That is all well enough, but Bishop Coxe was rocked in a *Presbyterian* cradle, and can claim no more on that ground than other English-speaking people.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

There is another speck of war to be seen arising in the East. In accordance with the provisions of the Berlin treaty, all the leading European powers which were to determine boundaries, have conveyed to the Sultan of Turkey the recommendation that a territory embracing eight thousand square miles, in Epirus and Thessaly, be ceded to Greece. The Porte is halting and quibbling about the matter, and if he with his 150,000 veteran troops had to contend only with Greece with her 40,000 raw soldiers, he would doubtless show fight, but the demand made upon him is backed by England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia, and these nations would soon reduce the Turkish Empire to submission. Evidently the Christian nations are not in a mood to permit a repetition of the Montenegrin frontier affair.

Unfortunately, as a London paper says, the Mussulman has put himself in the position of a malefactor, and the neighboring states for their own safety and the common good have exercised constabulary rights, and their authority has no limits outside of their own judgment and powers to agree. It is not likely that the Sultan will declare war and give the nation an excuse for armed intervention, but he hopes to gain something by delay, or in other words, he is playing Micawber. He evidently looks for some disagreement when it is to be determined which nation will take the initiative, although he will be apt to find that there will be concerted action. Meanwhile he adopts the use so often practiced by insincere persons, that is, takes a position equivalent to open resistence and yet not inconsistent with professed willingness to obey. His plea is that the people whose territory is to be ceded to Greece are not willing to go under another government, but the protests and uprisings of which we hear so much in Eastern despatches, are either fictitious or the result of Turkish intrigues. The Greek blood predominates in the people, and they are anxious for the new alliance. The Porte will, however, be apt to get up excitement enough among them to cause an outbreak of some kind, probably another massacre of old men, women and children, and then the interposition of the allies will not be long delayed.

THE FREE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

If half that is said upon the subject be true, the Free Church of Scotland is drifting into rationalism. Dr. Dabney, in a communication to the *Christian Observer*, reviewing the Robertson Smith case, concludes that the victory has been on the side of Latitudinarianism, and affirms that holding the old Socinian and Neologian views of the inspiration of the Scriptures does not disqualify a man from holding the highest positions.

According to one exchange, there is now circulating in Scotland a paper, understood to have been drawn up by an ex-office bearer of the Free Church of Edinburgh. This paper gives, together with others, the following "reasons" for "renouncing the fellowship of the Free Church:" "Because its professors and ministers are now allowed to teach admittedly contrary to all historical evidence, that there are interpolations in the Book of Deuteronomy; and there is no reason why they may not assert the same thing of the Acts of the Apostles or any other book of Scripture if they choose. Because it is now allowable to teach that the Song of Songs got into the canon of Scripture by mistake, through the Church erroneously supposing it to be allegorical. Because it is now allowable to teach that the books of Jonah and Esther have poetical inventions of incidents in them which destroy their credibility as trustworthy historical documents. Because it is now allowable to teach that 'the Synoptical Gospels are non-apostolic digests of spoken and written apostolic tradition.' In other words, they were not written by Matthew, Mark and Luke, but by some party or parties at the beginning of the second century. Because it is now allowable to teach that the Gospel of John is an 'unhistorical product of abstract reflection.' In other words, it is not an historical account of words spoken or actions done by the Saviour. Because it is perfect insanity to suppose that men will attend church now to hear sermons on such books as Deuteronomy, Song of Songs, Esther, Jonah, or the Gospels, any more than they would to hear sermons on Tobit or Bel and the Dragon."

Another exchange says:—"The Established Church of Scotland is permeated so largely with Rationalism at the present time that Dr. Watts, the outgoing Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, designated a volume of sermons by representative ministers of that Scotch Church a few evenings ago as *Paganized Christianity*—an epithet which is exceedingly applicable to the book."

Prof. Smith is quoted as saying, "It may be fairly made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the Commandments on the tables of stone." This, as the *Presbyterian* justly says, is in flat contradiction to the words of Jesus, who said, "Had ye believed Moses ye would heve believed Me; for he wrote of *Me*."

The *Interior* is hopeful that the charges thus brought are exaggerated, and says:—"Rationalism is continually charging that evangelical theology has in reality been abandoned by the churches, and that its tenets only exist as dead fossils. If the reformed theology were a geological stratum in Scotland, the charge would be true enough, and the fact would have immense influence on the religious thinking of the period—but it is not true. Undoubtedly there is a broadening of the field of thought. The Scots, and everybody else who keep their eyes open, have something new to think about—and there is and will be more or less of erroneous thinking. But this is no proof of a general apostacy, no evidence of the breaking up of the old foundation."

STILL ON THE WING.

Wednesday, July 21st, took our excursion party through a great variety of most interesting scenes. We left Watkins at an early hour, and entered upon the steamer Schuyler, one of a line of boats, which plys on the Seneca Lake, between Watkins and Geneva, towns lying at the extreme ends of the lake. After taking our breakfast on board of the boat, we gave ourselves up to sight-seeing, in which we were greatly favored by the fine condition of the weather.

Seneca Lake is one among a number of similar inland waters, found in the State of New York. It is said to be about forty miles long, with an average breadth of from two to three miles. Its waters are very pure, being mainly supplied by a large number of springs with which it is surrounded and whose streams flow into it. A more than usual depth is claimed for it, which seems also to be fully warranted by the peculiar appearance of the waters. Most excellent fish are found in its bosom, the qualities of which we had an opportunity to test.

The borders of the lake are dotted over with very fine farms, which appear to be in an excellent state of cultivation. Villages of more or less interest, crown its shores at different points, some of which furnish attractive grounds for picnic parties, of which the population within reach of the lake are not slow to avail themselves. One such party, brought to Watkins by the early morning train, boarded the deck of the Schuyler and did much to enliven matters, whilst they were borne a considerable distance down the lake, to their place of destination.

At a place, which bears the high-sounding name of Severne-on-Seneca, are located the extensive vineyards of the Seneca Lake Wine Company. They cover nearly two hundred acres, stretched along the western shore of the lake. From the grapes grown in the vineyard, the company are said to manufacture about one hundred thousand gallons of wine annually, in which are embraced several varieties of special excellence.

Further north, on the eastern shore, is located *The Willard Insane Asylum*. It is a State institution. Its inmates number about sixteen hundred, who are tenderly cared for and provided with a most comfortable home. The buildings are extensive, and present a very imposing appearance, in many respects, similar to that of a thriving manufacturing village. The grounds belonging to the institution embrace seven hundred acres, and are traversed by a railway owned by the institution itself. It is said to be the largest institution of the kind in the world. A number of its inmates were seated under the shade near the shore, whilst our boat tarried at the landing.

Geneva was reached near noon, and excellent quarters were found at the Franklin House. The place was spoken of as a *village*, which created an impression as to size and interest; not warranted by the reality. In the afternoon, special picnics of some of our party residing in the place, added very much to our interest and pleasure, by taking us over a large portion of the surrounding country, and through the leading streets of the town. The country abounds in farms in a high state of cultivation, and presents a beautiful rolling appearance. We were struck with the extensive nurseries with which we met, some of them rivalling the largest in the country. Quite a number of palatial residences, with large grounds fitted up in most attractive style, cluster around the place. Many handsome residences also are found in the town itself, some of which overlook the beautiful lake.

In churches, Geneva is by no means wanting. Among these, are two Episcopal, two Presbyterian, one Reformed Church in America, one Methodist, etc. A large Hygienic Institute, which is a resort, not only for invalids, but also for persons who wish to obtain a quiet retreat for a season, occupies a prominent place in the heart of the town, and is largely patronized. Geneva is also the location of Hobart College, founded in 1826, and named after a distinguished bishop of the Episcopal Church. The grounds are large, and the buildings numerous, overlooking the beautiful lake. The institution is under the control of the Episcopal Church, and has educated many, who occupy prominent positions in the Church and in public life. Its present condition is spoken of as prosperous.

When we add to the foregoing facts, the statement, that the population of the place is something over eight thousand, the reader will agree with us, that it is entitled to a higher dignity than that which the "village" would seem to imply, though, we are told, it is usual in this region to call all towns villages, which have not been incorporated as cities. We look upon it as a beautiful and inviting town, and were much gratified with what we saw during our brief sojourn in its midst.

At eight o'clock in the evening, our party took the cars on the well managed New York Central Railway, by way of Rochester, for Niagara Falls, which was reached at one o'clock the next morning. What we saw, or is to be seen here, we need not describe. The place and its celebrities are too well known to require any special notice at our hands. We only add, since our last visit to the place, a large park has been created, which contributes much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the visitor. After spending a day and a second night at the Falls, we separated from our friends, and crossed the Niagara into Canada, on our way to our relatives, whom we reached, after a ride of about three hours, and from whom, as we expected, we met with a most welcome reception. S. R. F.

DEATH OF REV. JOHN AULT.

We learn from the *Gettysburg Compiler* that Rev. John Ault died of typhoid fever, at his residence in Littlestown, Adams county, Pa., on Monday, 26th ult. His funeral took place on Thursday. We have no further particulars.

Some time ago Bro. Ault sent us the notice of Rev. J. Sechler's life and death, which will be found in another column. It was understood that, inasmuch as other notices of Bro. Sechler had appeared in the MESSENGER, this more extended one, prepared at the request of his family, should be reserved until after the Minutes of Classes had been published. It seems strange that the number of our paper containing it should also announce the decease of the author. No doubt full particulars of Bro. Ault's death, together with a proper tribute to his memory, will be furnished to us. Meanwhile his bereaved family and congregation will have the sympathy and prayers of the Church.

DEARLY BOUGHT FUN.

Just before the 4th of July, the *Evening Telegraph* brought before the public the fact that about $60,000 worth of property was destroyed in this city by fire-crackers, etc., in the hands of juvenile patriots at the last national anniversary, and argued that the ordinance forbidding their use should be prohibited. This year there were scarcely any fires, but twelve boys have since died with lockjaw, caused by the explosion of toy pistols. Certainly the sale of these death-dealing instruments should be stopped. Parents should keep them from their children at all times.

Mr. Binkley reports fifty-one new subscribers to the MESSENGER in Brush Creek charge, of which Rev. D. B. Lady is pastor, making a total of seventy-eight copies that now go regularly to that charge. Mr. Binkley also secured seven

subscribers in Latrobe, where Rev. G. D. Gurley is pastor,

We are indebted to Mr. A. J. Sanderson, publisher of the *Democratic Chronicle*, Shippensburg, Pa., for a copy of his paper containing Prof. William M. Nevin's address on the Romance of the Cumberland Valley, delivered at Doubling Gap, on the 5th ult. We commence the republication of the address in this issue, and are sorry we cannot give it all at once.

Among the Exchanges.

The *Congregationalist* says:

"The *Catholic Mirror* undertakes to make a little capital for Romanism by calling Colonel Ingersoll 'the child of Protestantism,' and declaring—what only omniscience could know to be true, if it were true—that 'not one' Romanist attended his late lecture in Baltimore. It finds it convenient to forget that in countries where Romanism has had entire control of public thought for generations, there are supposed to be more free-thinkers to the square mile than on any other portion of the surface of the earth."

The *Churchman* has the following:

"A savings bank president lately informed us of the general request of his Romanist depositors 'that the priest should not be allowed to know of their savings.' Indignant murmurings begin to be audible in our cities against the general level of vice and misery to which the Romish population seems relegated. Year after year they dwell in 'shanties,' little better than pig-styes, while their hard earnings, supplemented by political blackmailings, go to build up huge churches and very commodious club-houses for bachelor priests. In some of our Western cities one sees almost the whole of the Romish 'faithful' dwelling in filth and wretchedness, while converts and churches of costly proportions and material would give a stranger the impression that these cities are wholly made up of such believers. In these very towns they constitute, on the contrary, a *parish* caste, and are not felt or known in the social life of the intelligent population. Those of them who grow wealthy commonly withdraw from too great familiarity with their priests, and seek to introduce their children to their Protestant neighbors."

Communications.

WHAT A SHAME!

"Whether even so much as an attempt has been made to establish within their territory (New York Classis) an English congregation I am not aware. *Not even one English congregation in the great city of New York.*"—*Rev. F. Fox in the Kirchenzeitung.*

It almost makes one feel ashamed that he is a member of a Church that has so fearfully neglected her proper missionary work; for the history of the Reformed Church (our branch of it) demonstrates very clearly that we have no heart for that kind of *heroic work*, which distinguished the Apostles, who, in spite of all difficulties and obstructions, *preached first and planted congregations in the great centres* of population. They went upon the principle that influences would go forth speedily from the cities to evangelize the villages and rural districts, and that it would be next to impossible to reach and regenerate the cities by like influences going into them from the country. What was true then is true now also, in regard to the missionary work of the various Christian denominations. Our Methodist brethren (who, when their work is compared with ours in the large cities, have no reason to be ashamed), in their recent General Conference at Cincinnati, discussed very earnestly the necessity there was that they should be better and more largely represented in the commercial centres of our country in order to more successful missionary work in the outlying regions. In addition to other considerations pressed upon the attention of the Conference, it was stated that the money needed for this purpose could only be obtained in *liberal contributions for missionary work and in large donations for educational enterprises, (which are absolutely necessary for the doing of missionary work), from members of city congregations.*

This is their testimony, founded directly upon their own experience and a large induction of denominational statistics; and from the little examination the writer has been able to give the matter, he is thoroughly convinced that this testimony is true and valid, and that consequently we can scarcely hope for great success in our general work, unless we give proper attention to this part of it, namely, the establishing of at least one English congregation in all the leading cities of this broad land. What is there to hinder the U. S. Synod from undertaking, *as an independent measure*, the building up of a congregation in the city of New York, into which our people are yearly drifting in large numbers? It needs only a glance over its statistical tables to see that a very small annual sum (over and above the regular apportionments) from each one of the 65,607 communicants, and a still smaller amount from each of the communicant and unconfirmed combined, (103,371), would put such a mission upon solid footing from the beginning. And what is there to prevent the other Synods each from establishing such a city mission—the Synod of the Potomac say in Boston, the Synod of Ohio in Cincinnati, and the Synod of the North West in Chicago? From a business point of view, the money thus invested would, in a very few years, pay "some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold." It is true of Church investments, as of ordinary business investments, that the largest and quickest returns are made in the cities; and so long as we continue this miserable, timid and vacillating missionary policy, we will continue *to survive only at our present "poor dying rate."* In a word, it is, and will remain, impossible for us to exercise our due influence as a theological factor in the great Protestant movements of the age, and accomplish our allotted part in the propagation of the kingdom of Christ in this great country, so long as we continue to move in the old ruts.

Are we going to do any better in the near future? If not, let us make up our minds to die out, by a slow suicide, as we certainly will do. S.

IN MEMORY OF REV. JACOB SECHLER.

The grave is the place appointed for all the living. There the king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the pastor and his people, all lie equally low, and mingle their dust without distinction. But "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." The body may be dropped into the grave, but they that have lived unto the Lord, and sleep in Jesus, shall arise again in all the glorious improvements of a happy resurrection. When a good man goeth "whence he shall not return," it is quite natural to meditate on the noble graces and virtues that adorned his life, to bring to remembrance the excellent deeds he wrought, and to think of his works that follow him. And while his spirit soars in glorious flight to the regions of immortality, and his body is laid in the silent earth, it is a thought invested with cheering consolation that, in a very little while, soul and body shall once more be reunited, and the "perfect man" shall triumphantly enter upon his proper hereditary duration, and shall live and bloom in immortal youth in the Paradise of the Blest. We are, moreover, admonished to "be followers of them, who, through faith and patience inherit the promises, and to take them for an example."

Such are the feelings and promptings of the heart in preparing this memorial, and such the sweet comforts and hopes we derive in contemplating the life and death of the Rev. Jacob Sechler.

The subject of this memoir was born in Turbut township, Northumberland Co., Pa., on the 18th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1806. His parents came of an honorable stock. They were both born in Montgomery county, were eminently pious and respectable, and were firm and devoted members of the Reformed faith. His father was a farmer by occupation, and the son was brought up to hard work, and, from his childhood until he was apprenticed to a trade, he was lovingly obedient to his parents, and readily assisted his father in tilling the soil. In his infancy he was consecrated to the Lord by holy baptism, and at the age of eighteen years he renewed the solemn promises and vows made in his name at his baptism, publicly professed his Saviour before men, and became a full member of the Reformed Church. Previous to his confirmation he attended a full course of catechetical instruction, and under the religious teachings he thus received, he became fully conscious of his sins and miseries. But moreover, to use his own language, he says, "the instructions I received from the catechism enabled me to lay hold of Christ by faith—by faith in the Son of God, I realized my adoption into the family of God." It appears that while he was yet a mere boy, and long previous to his public union with the Church, he already felt called to the work of the Christian ministry. Like a Samuel of old, it seems the voice of the Lord came to him in childhood, and like him also, he readily answered—"Here am I."

At a certain age he learned the carpentering trade, and during several years followed that occupation. But it appears that the strong inclinations of his heart towards the gospel ministry gave him constant unrest, and although various conflicting difficulties confronted him, he at once relinquished his trade, and went forward by the grace of God, to qualify himself for his holy calling. He was about twenty-five years of age when he became an assistant teacher in the Reisterstown Academy, Baltimore county, Md. While engaged in teaching there, he, at the same time, arduously pursued his studies during a period of three years. At the end of this time, being now twenty-eight years of age, he entered the Reformed Theological Seminary at York, Pa. He remained in that institution something less than a year, and then, on account of what seemed to him proper and justifiable reasons, he left there and was admitted into the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. Here he prosecuted his studies satisfactorily and happily for almost one year and a half. He was constantly diligent in his studies, and the all-controlling motive and prospect of preaching the gospel of Christ continually animated and sustained him in his pursuits.

The Rev. Samuel Gutelius was at this time pastor of the Hanover charge. His health failing him in the winter of 1837, he invited Mr. Sechler to become his assistant. He accepted the invitation and served in this capacity four months. In the month of June of the same year, Mr. Gutelius' enfeebled state of health necessitated him to resign the Charge, and, having a high opinion of the qualilies and abilities of his assistant, he anxiously urged him to become his successor. But, modestly entertaining serious doubts as to his sufficient and proper qualification for the position, he seemed reluctant, at first, to accept the proffered offer. After persistent and persuasive arguments, however, on the part of the retiring minister, and urgent solicitations on the part of the members of the Charge, he yielded his objections and became willing to undertake the work and service set before him, in the name and for the glory of our common Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

He accordingly accepted the call and was licensed and ordained by Zion's Classis, and installed as pastor over the Charge, in the same month. With a laudable spirit of meekness, but with firm trust in the abiding presence and grace of Almighty God, he entered upon the work of his field, and labored zealously and patiently in it during a period of twenty-two consecutive years. The Charge consisted, at the time, of five congregations, but there were other points, also, where he frequently preached, and where, in course of time, through his efforts, congregations were organized, and houses of worship were built. At the expiration of the aforementioned term of years, the Charge was divided into two separate fields, to each of which one or two other congregations were added. He immediately received a call from that portion which was then called Littlestown charge, now *Christ Church*, and accordingly accepted. He preached his farewell sermon in the Hanover and Lischey's churches on February 27th, 1859. A new parsonage was built in Littlestown that same spring, into which he moved. Under his ministry Sunday-schools were established throughout the region of his whole field. He labored in this new charge faithfully and successfully during a period of seven and a half years. Besides the four churches of his Charge, he also supplied, during several years, the Silver Run Church, in Carroll county, Md. In the year 1860, he also organized the Littlestown congregation. The people of this pastoral field yet hold him in grateful and affectionate remembrance and his sincere labors will long continue to bear fruit to the glory of Almighty God. Owing, however, to various concurrent circumstances brought about by a few ill-disposed members, he felt constrained to resign. At this time, in the summer of 1866, the Hanover Charge again became divided, the town congregation being constituted a charge in itself. The county churches, as now organized, received the name of Manheim Charge. They immediately extended a call to brother Sechler, and after prayerful deliberation he believed it to be his duty to accept. He preached his farewell sermons in the churches of the Littlestown Charge in October of the same year, and soon thereafter moved to Hanover, and entered upon the labors of his new field on November 1st. Here he remained steadfastly and industriously toiling in the work of the divine Master up to the time of his death. He preached his last sermon on Sunday, August 10th, 1879. From that time forward he steadily declined, though he was enabled until within several months of the time of his death, to minister, at his home, in some minor matters to the wants of his people. His last ministerial act was the baptism of a child, on the 26th day of April last. On the day previous he performed a marriage ceremony.

Christ Church, a short distance below Littlestown, and Lischey's church, several miles below Hanover, were both parts of the Hanover Charge when he first entered upon the work of his ministry, and, after the several divisions of that charge, he served both these churches in their respective fields. Christ Church he served almost thirty consecutive years, and of Lischey's Church he was pastor thirty-six years. His whole ministerial career embraces a period of forty-three years; and these years of toil and duty, of trials and pleasures, of perplexities and hopes, he spent in the same district of country, and properly speaking, among the same people. Such a long pastorate in the same community is itself an indisputable evidence of his popularity, and affords a sure testimony to his peculiar abilities and eminent pastoral qualifications. In the meantime he had various invitations and inducements from other fields, but his work was so constantly blessed with an abundance of good fruit that he could never conscientiously see his way clear to accept a call from any other locality.

The following statistical table will enable us to form some estimate of the large amount of work done by him, and of the encouraging results that flowed therefrom, to the benefit of the Church, and to the glory of God. He preached 6051 times; baptized 2349 persons, of whom 57 were adults; confirmed 1728; administered communion 424 times; buried 1336; united in marriage 1165 couples; gave the holy communion, in the aggregate, to 43,567 people; collected monies for benevolent purposes $4112.

Brother Sechler, although not noted generally for distinguished learning, was nevertheless, an edifying and successful preacher. In a letter written to his son in the ministry, a few years ago, he expresses in one sentence a large amount of wholesome advice on this subject, and which it were well for ministers generally to study and solemnly lay to heart. He says,—"John, your success in the ministry does not depend so much upon learning as upon godliness, meekness, and patience." His preaching was fervent, kind, evangelical, full of unction, and characterized throughout by affectionate appeals. Many of his sermons contained a warmth and impressiveness which greatly moved and affected his hearers.

He was remarkably prompt and punctual in all his official duties. He would permit no obstacle, unless it was a dispensation of Providence, to hinder him from meeting his appointments and fulfilling his promises. He was of a modest and timid disposition, and this latter characteristic sometimes gave courage and boldness to troublesome members in his churches, who, taking advantage of his meekness and timidity, boldly managed to bring upon him sore trials. He had a very tender and sensitive heart, and therefore actions of unkindness, imposition, or savoring of persecution, frequently brought deep grief to his heart and tears to his eyes. Yet, notwithstanding his sensitiveness and quiet hesitancy, he possessed, likewise, in a remarkable and truly commendable degree, that noble and rare Christian virtue—*patience*. In reference to this he writes to his son: "A haughty and impatient spirit destroys your influence for good in the Church. My son, pray the Lord earnestly every day to give you grace to endure patiently the trials and vexations which will meet you in the Church." The principal secret of his success in the ministry lay, no doubt, chiefly in his earnestness and disinterested zeal. He had a warm love for souls, and his constant aim was to win sinners to Christ and build up the Christian Church.

He never received large compensation for his services, although he served large flocks. Some years ago, in a letter to the writer of this sketch, he said he feared that this lack of proper ministerial support among his people was one of their chief besetting sins. It is certainly a sad thought that a minister who faithfully devotes more than two-score years of his life to the service of the Lord, and labors devotedly and disinterestedly for the eternal welfare of his people, should be permitted to pass away in old age, if not in actual want, at any rate without sufficient means left behind to bring permanent and enduring competence to the bereaved and sorrowing household. No advantage ought ever to be taken of the modesty and unworldliness of a pastor to withhold from him his just dues. We think that those who truly love Christ and His Church will ever be anxious and willing to exercise such care in reference to their pastor, that he will not be compelled to resort to the equally unpleasant alternative, either to live quietly in want or to ask for more.

In the year 1838, about one year after he began his public ministry, he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Harmony, of Franklin county, Pa. This union was blessed with ten children; six of whom, two sons and four daughters, with the mother, survive. One of his sons, following carefully in the commendable footsteps of his father, is laboring in the service of God as a minister of the gospel of Christ, and is the popular pastor of Boehm's Church, Montgomery county, Pa.

As to his personal appearance, Mr. Sechler was a man of medium height. His frame was slender and erect. He had a mild, pleasant and benevolent countenance. His keen, penetrating eye was expressive of earnest, anxious thought. He generally spoke with a smile on his features, and, in private conversation as also in the social circle, he was a communicative and entertaining companion. He was to a high degree a man of precision and order, and observed great regularity in all his ministerial duties as well as in his business transactions. Whenever it was practicable he was regular in his attendance upon the judicatories of the Church and took a deep interest in them, though his native modesty forbade him to take much part in public debate. He had a warm attachment to the Reformed Church, and loved her doctrines and customs sincerely. But he was firm in acting upon his convictions in all things. And although in the earlier days of his ministry he was, like many others, almost caught up and borne along by a tide of new measure movements that swept through the churches of the land, it appears he soon began to detect the want of scriptural authority and feel the necessity of a sure foundation for such measures, and thenceforth he became unswervingly firm in his adherence to the good old ways and doctrines of our Reformed Zion. In the letter from which we have already quoted, he says, "I am a firm believer in educational religion, backed and attended by the Spirit of the living God. By catechization we are indoctrinated into the religion of Christ and are enabled to build upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Cornerstone." We are aware, moreover, that in his latter years he at times came in conflict with religious fanaticism in its most bigoted form, but he fought it with heroic Christian fidelity and zeal, and remained commendably steadfast in his true churchly convictions and practices. He writes, "I got along pleasantly in my charge until a spirit of fanaticism began to show itself, which, to this day, has been more or less troublesome. The spirit of fanaticism is the most insubordinate spirit in the Church of Christ." Let it be remembered, however, that he was eminently practical in his preaching, and was an earnest advocate of thorough conversion and true vital godliness.

He was extensively known through many of the southern counties of Pennsylvania, and also throughout some of the northern counties of Maryland. And we presume it would be impossible at this time to find any one among his wide circle of acquaintances unwilling to praise him. He was sincerely loved while living, and now when he is dead, the memory of his name and pions deeds are like sweet fragrance and precious ointment to many hundreds of households. "The memory of the just is blessed," and we hesitate not to believe that *his* will be cherished with sincere veneration in this section of country for many years to come. Kind, modest, unobtrusive, peaceable, tender-hearted and humble, he was a teacher by example as well as by precept; "an epistle known and read of all men." In an extraordinary manner he exemplified the Christian graces in his every-day life.

Seven months prior to his death a complication of diseases necessitated him to cease his public ministrations. With the hope, however, that a favorable change would again take place he did not resign his charge until last Good Friday. From that day forward his maladies grew rapidly worse, and he was almost continually confined to his bed. He was abundantly sustained in his last days by the "glorious gospel of the blessed God" which he had so long and so faithfully preached to others. Under the soothing and consolatory presence and influence of the Holy Ghost, with the prospects of heaven now clear and glorious to him beyond conception, patience had her perfect work. While on a visit to him several weeks before his death we expressed the hope that achange for the better would occur in his physical condition and that he might be spared yet many years upon earth. A significantly tranquil smile lighted up his features as he slowly shook his head and calmly exclaimed, "No, there is no such hope—my time is nearly over—my work is done—and I am fully resigned to the will of the Lord—He knows what is best."

He died surrounded by his family and friends on Monday, the 10th day of May, 1880, aged 74 years, 4 months, and 22 days. The funeral took place on the following Thursday. Fourteen ministers were in attendance. The order of services were mainly under the direction of Rev. William K. Zieber, D. D. Revs. Aaron Spangler and R. R. Smith, of York, Reuben Rahauser of Dallastown, A. F. Laury of Jefferson, J. C. Koller of Hanover and John Ault of Littlestown acted as pallbearers. The day of the funeral manifested in an unmistakable manner how sincerely this man of God was beloved by his people and by the community in general. Already early in the day large throngs of people gathered from the surrounding country, and the citizens of Hanover gave multiplied evidence of uncommon affection and sympathy. The opening services in the church, after an appropriate and solemn dirge sung by the choir, were conducted by Dr. Zieber, after which a prayer was offered by Rev. John Ault. A hymn was announced by Rev. Mr. Alleman. The English sermon was preached by Rev. W. F. Colliflower, from Rev. xiv. 13, followed by a German discourse by Rev. Daniel Gring. Rev. Dr. Hauer, Lutheran minister, and co-laborer with brother Sechler, then paid a strong and just tribute of affection to the memory of the deceased in a short address. Rev. Adam Spangler offered the concluding prayer. During the services the body rested in front of the altar, and now after having taken a final and sorrowful look at the quiet form and pale features, amid tender exhibitions of love on the part of the family and a multitude of Christian friends his remains were borne to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, near Hanover, and consigned to their resting-place.

There the devoted minister and good man now sleeps sweetly among the sainted dead that lie buried in that consecrated spot, where he, with them, awaits the trumpet summons, which shall awake the dead, and admit all the faithful to the heavenly mansions and the enjoyment of everlasting glory. The sweetest of all consolations to his family and friends in this their home of bereavement, and likewise, hereafter, while the duties of love will repeatedly prompt them to go and drop the tear of affection upon his grave, is the assurance that the spirit of the departed rests—rests forever in the bosom of God. J. A.

Littlestown, Pa., May, 1880.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The next session of Mercersburg College will open on September 15th, 1880. Terms.—Including board, tuition, room and fuel, $205 per year of forty weeks. Connected with the College, and under the direct care of the Professors, is a Preparatory School where students of any age from twelve upward are received. For further particulars address Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., President of College, Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the first Sunday in July Rev. D. B. Shuey preached the fourth anniversary sermon of his pastorate in the New Providence charge. This charge is composed of two churches—New Providence and Quarryville. During the past year there was an increase of fourteen families, thirty-two members, twenty-one communicants, and in the four years an increase of sixty-six families and ninety-three communicants. During the year the pastor preached ninety-six sermons, made sixty lectures and addresses, paid 722 visits, and traveled 3958 miles; baptized twenty-one, confirmed twenty-six, received eleven by certificate and renewal of profession, and dismissed three. He was called to officiate at two funerals, only one member in each congregation having died, and in the New Providence congregation only two members during the four years. The charge at present numbers 202 members. 150 unconfirmed and 167 communicants, contributed $115 for benevolence and $1,400 for home purposes.

EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Sunday, the 26th ult., the corner-stone of the new building intended for the branch Sunday School of the German Reformed Salem congregation, Rev. J. G. Wiehle, pastor, whose house of worship is on Fairmount avenue, below Fourth, was laid on the site of the new building, north side of Ireland street near Columbia avenue. The building will be of brick, thirty-three by fifty-five feet, and two stories in height. The first floor will be used for the Sunday Schools, and the second story will be divided into rooms and rented to families. The estimated cost of the structure is $4,000, and it is expected that it will be ready to occupy by the first of September. The services consisted of singing and prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and addresses by Rev. Dr. Wiehle and others. The branch Sunday School numbers about 150 pupils. The Salem Church building is one of the largest of the denomination in this city.

Married.

July 29th, 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Moore's Store, by Rev. B. R. Carnahan, Mr. Frank B. Moore to Miss Mary A. Shutters, both of Shenandoah Co., Va.

Obituaries.

DIED.—On July 15th, 1880, at Quarryville, Lancaster Co., Pa., Elder Daniel Lefever, aged 74 years, 11 months and 2 days.

"Grandpap Lefever," as he was familiarly called by most of the people of his neighborhood, was one of those self-made men, whose influence is felt, whose life was a success and whose influence we can hardly spare when the Father calls them away. Mr. Lefever was born near Lampeter Square, and removed with his father to Quarryville in his boyhood—before Quarryville had an existence; for it was him that started exclusively in the lime burning business at this place, and from the numerous quarries the village received its name. In this business he became widely known both in the lower end of Lancaster Co., Chester Co., and several counties in Maryland. He was a good business man, prompt in all business transactions. His word was as good as his bond. By strict integrity and indefatigable perseverance he accumulated considerable property. Good luck he defined as being nothing but good business management. Although having no educational advantages his plans were always of the most practical and far-reaching. He always listened to the advice of every one, but used his own judgment in following it. He could not bear to be at enmity with any one. He was always ready to compromise, and often said "there always is a way to settle the difficulty," and probably at the time of his death had not an enemy in the world. He was often selected as executor, road viewer, and appraiser where good, sound judgment was necessary.

He was already forty-six years old when he became a member of the church. Rev. E. H. Hoffbeins received him by baptism and confirmation on Easter Sunday, April 20th, 1851. At the same time his wife, father and mother and mother-in-law were received members of Zion's Reformed Church at New Providence. Six weeks after this the first move was made to build a Reformed church at Quarryville, and Mr. Lefever was appointed one of the building committee. He gave an acre of ground for the new enterprise, and beside contributed liberally. When the church was begun some people laughed at him for undertaking such a work, saying "That no church could be built at Quarryville." Mr. Lefever in his characteristic determination said "The church must be built if I must build it alone." The church was furnished and dedicated before a congregation was organized, and at its organization Mr. Lefever was elected an elder, which office he held by continual re-election to the time of his death.

Last summer the church was repaired and a bell procured. After the bell was in position Mr. Lefever asked the use of the two ropes, and when the use of the tolling for funerals was explained to him he was strangely quiet. The bell tolled its first time to announce the death of Elder Lefever.

His home was a minister's home, and especially so at the last meeting of Lancaster Classis which met at Quarryville, when his house was continually filled. He was always happy in the company of the servants of the Lord. He was never absent from the communion but once during his whole church life. At different times he was delegate to Synod. He had a very great love for the church, and through all the troubles which the Quarryville church had to pass, his great love for the church and church rule held him on the side of the church, instead of following a certain minister who proclaimed himself independent, expecting to take the congregation with him, and who was afterward deposed from the ministry.

Mr. Lefever was twice married, and leaves a widow and four minor children, as also four children of the first wife, all married, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. The church could hardly spare him, but they submit to the Divine will, not sorrowing as those who have no hope. His sickness of brain fever lasted but two days, when he fell asleep in peace.

D. B. S.

The funeral of Mr. Lefever took place on Sunday morning, July 18th. Rev. J. G. Fritchey conducted the services at the house. At the church Dr. Thos. G. Apple preached the sermon, and the pastor, Rev. D. B. Shuey, read a sketch of the life of Elder Lefever, and conducted the burial services. The esteem in which Mr. Lefever was held can easily be imagined, when we say that only about one-fourth of the people present could gain entrance in the church. About four hundred carriages were present, and it was spoken of by many, that it was the largest funeral ever held in the southern end of the county. His death has caused a void in the church, which it be difficult to fill.

DIED.—Near Mowry's Mill, Bedford Co., Pa., July 28th, 1880, Mrs. Hannah Berkhimer, aged 77 years, 2 mos., 13 days.

Youth's Department.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth in the Battle of Life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of falling feet
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet—
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with cheerful grace—
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the Armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate and shield,
And the sword that the feeble arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before High Heaven do the best you can
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and crown of God!

—*Home Life in Song.*

A FABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One bright afternoon in summer a lot of cattle, horses and a donkey were in a large square field belonging to a farmer called Mr. Jackson. Most of the animals were either asleep, for the afternoon was hot, or were busily eating the soft, sweet grass. Only Beppo, the donkey, would neither eat nor sleep. He was very cross, and was so unkind as to try and disturb all the others as much as he possibly could. If he saw a poor cow trying to get a good meal off some very nice grass she had just found in a fresh place he would rush up to her and turn her off it; and so on and on, until really he became quite a nuisance.

And this is what he was saying to himself all the while, "I am *not* stupid, not I—I am the very best and most useful animal my master has; and, oh! how blind he is to say I give him more trouble and less help than all the rest!"

Just then, an old sheep-dog came slowly across the grass and stopped opposite Beppo, looking at him very sadly, but without speaking.

"I wish you would not stare so," said the donkey peevishly. "What do you want?"

But still the dog did not speak, only he stood looking at Beppo, with his large thoughtful-looking eyes, until he began to feel quite uncomfortable.

"I am sure master has no right to call me useless," he said at length, fretfully. "I have been at one thing or another all day."

"What?" Jerry's eyes seemed to ask.

"Well—first thing this morning master Ned came for me, before breakfast, to carry him a good mile to take poor widow Bennet some milk for her sick child.

"And you went?" asked the dog in a low tone.

"Well, no. You see it was so much cooler and nicer on the grass than it was on the hot dusty road; so I just galloped up and down here till master Ned was out of breath, and I should not have been caught yet if he had not got another lad to help him."

"And then you went, I suppose."

"Well, we set off—but he was so very cross I soon saw that it was no use trying to please him, so I just rolled over on the side of the road and hurt my young gentleman rarely, I can tell you."

"Yes, and upset widow Bennet's milk, and her little boy had such a bad morning for want of it.

"Well, I can't help it now; so it's no use being cross with me, Jerry."

"What did you do then, after you had turned round and run off home?"

"I don't think I did anything particular until those two boys Tom and Jack both wanted to ride me at once, but of course I was not going to stand that, so I lay down directly in the middle of the road."

"Yes, and hurt poor little Tom's leg. In fact, Beppo, I don't wonder that our master thinks you do more harm than good. Of what use have you been to-day?"

"Well, perhaps I have not been much to-day; but in a general way I am sure I work hard."

"Do you?"

"Why, of course I do; at least, that is to say, I should do if they would only give me more sensible work. I don't see what good comes from those children riding me about."

"I don't always see what good it does for me to run about until I am hot and tired after the sheep; but I do it because it is the work that is given me, and I know it would be wrong not to do it."

"Well, I mean to wait until I have a really sensible piece of work given to me, then I will soon show every one how well I can do it."

"Take care—take care, Beppo; it is far safer to do the work that is nearest you, however dull and unimportant it may be. For, after all, to do what God Almighty gives us to do, and to please Him, is the best any of us can do," said Jerry, wisely.

Then up spoke a little daisy, saying, "I used to think it was very hard that I could not do anything grand and great. I used to fret a great deal about it at one time."

"*You!*" said the donkey scornfully. "Well, don't you fret still? for what good such a tiny thing as you can do, I am sure I, for one, cannot imagine."

"Oh, no! I am very happy now," replied the daisy, meekly, "for, one day when I was very sad, the kind wind came and told me how the great God, up above, loved every little flower, how it was He who gave them all their beauty; and each one had only just to love Him for His great goodness, and to show their love by doing exactly what He bid them. And when I said I did not know what I could do, he told me my work was just to do nothing else but stand still all day looking up to heaven. And I was to close up every night and open out every morning that I might keep just as fresh and pretty as He wished me to be. He said, though it did not seem much, yet if I did that well He would be pleased, and that was the chief thing."

"But I don't believe you could do any good that way."

"Oh, yes! for once a girl came along the field crying sadly, but when she saw me, she said, 'Dear little daisy, you are looking up, and so will I,—up to God,' and she smiled and looked comforted." The daisy's voice trembled with gladness as she spoke.

"Well, but such a thing would only happen once in a hundred years," said Beppo obstinately.

"Oh, no! Another day, too, I had very sweet encouragement, for an old gentleman with white hair came along; and he said, as he looked at me 'The flowers always seem to me to say, 'God is Love,' for it seems as if all He made them for was to give us pleasure, as they are of no use but to delight our eyes, and how much He must love us when He makes such beautiful things only to please us.'"

"Now, Beppo," said Jerry dryly, "what do you say to that?"

"I must say," answered Beppo, "that the daisy has taught me a lesson, for if such a tiny thing can do such great good by just doing well the little bit of work God has given it to do, I ought to be able to do some, and I mean to try."

And Beppo showed he meant what he said. For he became such a good, useful donkey that farmer Jackson and his children were delighted with him. And it was a good thing for himself, too, for they all took such good care of him, in return for his faithful services, that he lived to a very happy old age.

And if a dog and a donkey and a daisy can do good, noble work, and please the great God, surely little girls and boys can do far more. Only do the little things well, dear children—the little, easy things, which lie all about you—and then, perhaps, you can find large things to do; only you must do the little things first.

I know a little girl who used to listen when she was in the Sunday-school to what she was told there; and when evening came, and she and her little brothers were put to bed, she used to tell them, over and over, again and again, the stories she had heard out of the Bible, and her poor mother used to stand outside on the stairs listening. And no one but He who knows everything can tell what good that little girl was the means of doing.

So now, children, do not be troublesome, quarrelsome and lazy, like Beppo was at first, but try, as he did afterwards, and as Jerry and the daisy did, to do the work well which is given you.—*English Magazine.*

MEDDLESOME PATTY.

"Patty, run out in the shed, and bring in a little fine stuff to start up the fire."

Patty went out. There were plenty of splinters and nice bits lying all about the wood-shed, but her eye fell on a short, thin strip of board, close by the axe.

"I'll split up some kindling-wood," she thought. "That will be fun."

So she held up the piece of board with one hand and took the axe in the other. And as might have been expected, at the very first blow she did not split the board, but she cut her forefinger, a long slanting gash, clear to the bone.

How it did bleed! It was done so quickly it did not hurt much, but Patty was so scared as to feel quite faint.

If she had cut her finger so badly in any honest way, I dare say she would have cried and made a great fuss, but as it was, she knew it was all her own fault, and never whimpered all the while her mother was doing it up.

It was long before it healed, and when it did there was a big ugly scar, sure to last a lifetime, everybody said.

Just about that time Uncle Henry gave her a ring—a real gold ring—just what Patty had always wanted most of anything. And it seemed too bad, but that same finger with the ugly scar on it was the only one on either hand on which she could wear the ring safely.

When her mates, and everybody who noticed the ring, spoke of it, they were always sure to say first, "What a horrid scar you've got!" and then, "That's a very pretty ring."

RUN THE NEXT MILL BY WATER.

The other day T. G——met an old friend who was formerly a prosperous young lumberman up North, but whose habits of drinking resulted as they often do, though he has since reformed and is trying to do better.

"How are you?" said T. G.——.

"Pretty well, thank you, but I've just been to a doctor to have him look at my throat."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, the doctor couldn't give any encouragement. At least he couldn't find what I wanted him to find."

"What did you expect him to find?"

"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw-mill and farm that had gone down there."

"And did he see anything of it?"

"No, but he advised me if I ever got another mill to run it by water."

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Always come to the table with clean face and hands and combed hair. Boys of poor parents as well as rich can observe this rule.

When at the table don't commence eating till all the table are waited upon.

When at the table don't talk with food in your mouth, nor engage in controversy with any one. Food will do you more good if you are good-natured while eating.

Take time to masticate your food. To swallow food whole, or nearly so, or wash it down the throat, is impolite and injurious to health.

If obliged to leave the table before the family have finished their meal, always ask permission to do so.

Before leaving the table after a meal, put your cup in the saucer and teaspoon into the cup. Put the knife and fork into the plate and fold the napkin neatly.

Retire early at night, and, if possible, get eight hours' sleep. Very small boys need that amount of sleep to promote physical growth and health.

When you call at a neighbor's house always take off your hat on entering it, and do the same at your own house. It is impolite to sit down in the house with your hat on.

Show proper respect to people older than yourselves, for by so doing you will gain the respect of people who are polite and sensible.

When two people are engaged in conversation, never listen to hear what they say, nor break in on their conversation. It is very impolite to do that.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O weathercock, on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your perch
Above there, over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs, and the streets below,
And the people moving to and fro;
And beyond, without either roof or street,
The great salt sea and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger tips;
And now he is lifting and waving his hand
And blowing the kisses toward the land!

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea
That is bringing my lover back to me!
Bringing my lover, so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind, like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so;
And people would think it wondrous strange
If I, a weathercock, should not change!

O pretty maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day,
You will thank me for looking some other way.

—*Henry W. Longfellow, in Youth's Companion.*

BOYS, DO NOT KILL USEFUL ANIMALS.

Hedge-hog.—Lives most on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs, animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedge-hog.

Toad.—Farm assistant; he destroys twenty to thirty insects per hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole.—Is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer-worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Don't kill the mole.

Birds.—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.

Lady-birds.—Never destroy, for they are the best friends of farmers and horticulturists, and their presence upon aphis-ridden plants is beneficial.

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving, leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

A BATTLE AMONG PIGMIES.

Mrs. Mary Treat, in *The American Naturalist*, describes a contest which she witnessed between slave-making ants and black ants. The former were the aggressors and victorious. The two columns were one hundred and twenty feet apart. An idea of the numbers constituting the ranks of the slave-makers may be gathered from the fact that on the war path, one hundred and twenty feet in length and a foot wide, they "were not thinly scattered, but a vast moving phalanx." The blacks, a grand army on their own territory, would not flee. The battle-field was about twenty-five feet in circumference. A roar, announcing the beginning of hostilities, lasted for five minutes, "whereas the battle lasted four or five hours before the reds gained possession of the vast nurseries of the blacks," and it took two days to carry the pupæ and prisoners to their own dominions.

Pleasantries.

Gen. Miles, the Indian fighter, says that the average Colorado squatter sells his gun and ammunition to Indians for about four times their value, and expects to have a new gun and ammunition furnished him when the Indians begin to kill.

"Boy," said a gentleman to the hostler of a hotel, on alighting from his phaeton, "extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morning shall again illuminate the oriental horizon I will award thee a pecuniary compensation for thine admirable hospitality."

"No, Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, as she settled herself back in the rocking chair on the hotel piazza, "you needn't lie to me about going down stairs after a match, for the windows are open and I can easily pick your bald head out from the other wretches in the pool room. Last night you went down at 8 o'clock to get your boots blacked, and although your feet are large enough, Heaven knows, I don't believe it took you till half-past eleven to get your boots polished, for that was the time you put them outside the chamber door and then fell against it and woke up the children." *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A sea captain who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you—black-walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail over all, 6 feet 1 inch; breadth of beam, 38 inches; depth of hold, 14 inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against ten year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

Trinity Church, Boston, contributed last year for charitable uses $31,395.

The Episcopal churches of New Haven have a total of 2,288 communicants. The churches last year contributed for various benevolent and Church purposes $68,557, or $30 per member.

The population of the suburbs of Baltimore, known as "The Belt," contains a population of about 75,000, not included in the city proper. This includes Woodberry, Mount Vernon, Towsontown, Waverley and Canton, and these towns have over eight Methodist Episcopal churches.

All the theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church North graduated only 140 students last year, as follows:—Union, 38; Princeton, 35; Western, 16; Auburn, 12; Lane, 6; Northwestern, 16; Danville, 2; San Francisco, 2; Lincoln, 6; Biddle, 4; German Seminary at Bloomfield, 3.

It is said to be the purpose of the delegates of the psalm-singing Presbyterian churches not to take their seats in the Presbyterian Council except on condition that nothing is sung except the inspired psalms at the meeting of that body. The delegates think this a very reasonable request.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church will meet in New York for its triennial session Wednesday, October 6th, 1880. Both houses will assemble in St. George's Church at 11 A. M. for divine service, and the House of Deputies will meet in the afternoon for organization in Holy Trinity.

A clergyman in Baltimore was not long since applied to for a certificate of marriage performed by an Episcopal minister in that city as far back as A. D. 1765. In England the parish registers are recognized by the courts as official documents, and they are kept with great care. In this country there has been a good deal of laxness, but we believe that more attention is now paid to the subject.

An interesting table of statistics of Sunday-schools in the United States and the world has been prepared for presentation at the Raikes Centennial Celebration in London, and has been printed in *The Sunday-school Times*. It shows that there are in the United States 82,261 Sunday-schools, 886,328 teachers, and 6,623,124 scholars; and in the world, 1,460,881 teachers and 12,340,316 scholars.

The Rev. James Baird, D. D., recently of the Presbyterian Church, has been ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Potter, of New York. Dr. Baird is a graduate of Glasgow University, and of New College, Edinburgh, of which theological school Dr. Chalmers was President. The Rev. Edward A. Rand, formerly a Congregational minister in Boston, has followed the Rev. Edward Abbott into the Protestant Episcopal Church and ministry. He has been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Massachusetts.

Abroad.

A Council General representing the entire Greek Church is to meet at Moscow, August 26th, for the purpose of re-establishing the ancient customs and rites of the Church, of drawing closer the bonds of unity between the various Churches, of recalling to the bosom of the Orthodox Church the Christian dissidents of the East and West, and of promoting the propagation by missions of the faith of the Church.

The ordained foreign missionary force of the leading denominations in the United States is as follows:—Methodist, 103; Congregationalist, 155; Presbyterian, 137; Baptist, 72, and Episcopalian, 79. The number of converts from heathenism at the various stations is as follows:—Baptist, 81,638; Methodist, 22,430; Congregational, 15,125; Presbyterian, 11,497, and Episcopal, 4,499.

This year is destined to be a memorable one in the ecclesiastical annals of Germany, inasmuch as not only is it to see Cologne Cathedral completed, but the venerable cathedral of Frankfort-on-Main, part of which was burned in 1687, restored. Interest in this structure centres in the electoral chapel, in which the Archbishop of Maintz used to crown the German Emperors, who were then anointed before the high altar. The first was thus crowned in 1562, the last in 1792.

The Presbyterians have 7 missionaries and 3,907 communicants in Mexico; 11 missionaries and 1,089 communicants in South America; 7 missionaries and 601 communicants in Africa, 30 missionaries and 971 communicants in India; 7 missionaries and 206 communicants in Siam; 22 missionaries and 1,784 communicants in China; 2 missionaries and 131 communicants among the Chinese in California; 6 missionaries and 739 communicants in Japan; 8 missionaries and 1,321 communicants in Persia; and 14 missionaries and 810 communicants in Syria. In all, there are 125 ordained missionaries and 12,607 communicants, with 17,791 scholars in day and boarding-schools. Besides the ordained missionaries, there are 83 native ordained ministers and 147 licentiates, and 516 native lay missionaries.

In 1845 the English and American missionaries in China assembled in Hong Kong, and they numbered twelve. In Hong Kong they had six converts. At the present time there are in China 240 Protestant missionaries, 90 principal missionary stations, 500 out-stations, and some 12,000 or 14,000 Chinese communicants. In India alone there are 600 European missionaries and 430 central stations. In 1852 the converts in India were 128,000; at the present time there are 460,000. The increase from 1851 to 1861 was 53 per cent.; the increase from 1861 to 1871 was 61 per cent., and during the last ten years the ratio of increase has been greater still. The last two years especially have witnessed an increase almost unparalleled, partly through the benevolent services that were rendered in connection with the famine. At this rate of progress alone, supposing it to be maintained, by the close of this century there will be 1,000,000 Protestant converts in India.

SHALL WE KILL OURSELVES?
IS ALUM POISONOUS?
ITS USE IN BAKING POWDERS CONDEMNED BY MEDICAL JOURNALS.

Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a recent issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although if continued it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within 10 feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of its members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking powders.

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Lve. Harrisburg,	8:00 A. M.	1:35 P. M.	4:20 P. M.	*8:45 P. M.	
Arr. Carlisle,	9:00 "	2:35 "	5:20 "	9:43 "	
" Chambersb'g	10:30 "	4:00 "	6:45 "	11:10 "	
" Hagerstown	11:30 "	5:00 "			
" Martinsburg	12:20 P. M.	6:20 "			

*Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.

DOWN TRAINS.

Lve. Martinsburg...	6:30 A. M.			2:30 P. M.
" Hagerstown....	8:00 "			3:30 "
" Chambersb'g	4:30 A. M. 9:00 "	1:00 P. M.		4:35 "
" Carlisle.....	5:45 " 10:20 "	2:20 "		6:00 "
Arr. Harrisburg*	6:40 " 11:20 "	3:20 "		7:00 "

*Arrives at Philadelphia 10:10 A. M

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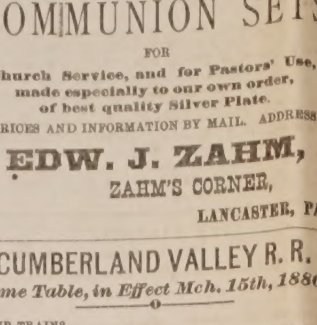
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General News.

HOME.

Snow is reported to have fallen on Slide Mountain, the loftiest of the Catskills, last Thursday evening.

It is stated that two thirds of the Sioux Indians who went to Canada have returned to the United States, and the remainder, with Sitting Bull, are on American territory, between the Milk and Missouri rivers.

The full returns of receipts by the Pennsylvania Railroad during the first half of the present year foot up a total of almost $20,000,000 upon the Eastern lines. The net increase of earnings over that of the corresponding months of last year is $2,248,553.

New York, July 28.—George Bell, Henry Cleary, and Charles Farren, charged with defrauding the Merchants' and Third National Banks of Baltimore of $12,000 and $15,000 by means of forged checks, were arraigned at the Tombs to-day.

A letter has been addressed to the Secretary and Treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company, asking his advice on the best method to secure a collective display at the coming Pennsylvania State Fair of fruit, vegetables, etc., from along the line of that road.

Judge Briggs decided on Saturday that any of the State Hospitals for the Insane, at Danville or Harrisburg, can petition for the removal to the Hospital at Norristown of insane patients supported by the city. He granted a petition for the transfer from the Blockley Almshouse to Norristown of nearly 100 patients.

Messrs. Warner & Merritt, of this city, owners of the vessel said to have been fired at and searched by a crew from a Spanish gunboat, have received from Secretary Evarts a reply to their complaint on the matter, saying that the Department is not, and has not, been inattentive to the private or commercial interests involved in such a case, nor to the public feeling.

Colonel Snowden's annual report of the operations of the United States Mint in this city, during the year ending June 30, 1880, shows that, in the coiners', melters' and refiners' departments over 262 tons of gold and 1818 tons of silver were melted, refined, annealed and cut; of the minor coin issued there were 172 tons of nickel, copper and bronze alloy. The value of the entire amount is placed at $204,809,663.57, and, although the legal allowance for wastage on the gold and silver operated upon is $185,000, the actual wastage was only $14,281.

Buffalo, July 29.—A fire broke out this morning and raged all day. It is now (10.10 P. M.) under control. It started in the planing mill of J. F. Dewitt, on the south side of the creek. The fire proved to be one of the most disastrous which has occurred in this section for a number of years and most rapid and damaging in its extent, covering an area of a quarter of a mile in length and about five hundred feet in width, burning and destroying property to the value of $225,000, on which there is an insurance of $195,000. DeWitt's planing mill, which was one of the largest in the country, was totally destroyed in ten minutes. So rapid was the progress of the flames that there was no time to close the office safe, which, with its contents, was destroyed. An eighteen-foot fly-wheel, weighing about ten tons, burst, flying some thirty feet, but fortunately injured no one.

Judge Hilton and Mrs. Stewart, in administering the estate of Alexander T. Stewart, have made endowments, which, it is believed, will aggregate $3,000,000, for the erection and equipment of a college at Garden City, L. I., in which it is intended to educate both sexes at a charge of less than $100 per year. One building, capable of accommodating five hundred students, is nearly finished, and two others of similar dimensions will be erected beside it. The buildings and grounds will cover sixty acres of land. A building to accommodate three hundred young women will be completed in a short time; its annexes and grounds will occupy twenty-five acres. A divinity school, to educate young men for the Episcopal ministry, will also be established. When all the buildings are finished and sufficiently endowed, they will be transferred to the supervision of the Episcopal district of Long Island.

The Utica *Herald* says: The excitement in the gold region of Fulton and Hamilton counties is said to be becoming quite high. Several veins have been found that promise well, and samples have assayed $15 per ton. A company at Wellstown are said to be realizing $150 per ton, and "beliet" is entertained that $1,000 ton takes are found. The Albany *Argus* says: "There is no doubt that gold abounds throughout that region in more than paying quantities, and perhaps at some future day it will be eagerly sought by miners, speculators and adventurists, and the wild scenes of Western mining life will be transported to the midst of civilization. As said before, claims are made nearly every day, and many of the claimants do not trouble themselves with such a small matter as waiting until they have made a discovery of anything, but go at it wholesale and file all the claims they can, trusting to luck in finding a vein afterward. Thus, out of the numerous claims already filed there are very few of any value, and these few really promise rich rewards for their owners."

Four bank robbers operated successfully in Middletown, Connecticut, yesterday. The scene of their operations was the Middletown Savings Bank. From 12 o'clock until 12.40 o'clock three employes of the bank—the Treasurer, F. L. Gleason; the Secretary, H. H. Smith, and the Assistant Teller, Arthur L. Alling—were on duty. Just before Mr. Gleason went away, a stranger called to have a bill changed. After Mr. Gleason had gone the stranger returned. A minute or two later three other men came in, but not together. Two entered into conversation with Mr. Alling about transferring a bank account from New York, and the third busied Mr. Smith concerning the opening of an account. The fourth man must have dropped out of sight in front of the counter, and passed along to the Directors' room access through which to the vault was without difficulty. In the vault was a safe in which was a package containing $8,500, ready for deposit in the Middletown National Bank. This was taken by the robber, who also seized two tin cash boxes, one containing papers worth $2 000, belonging to George H. Harris, an officer of the bank, and the other containing valuable but non-negotiable papers belonging to William Southmaid.

The robbery was not discovered until an hour later, when the time arrived for depositing the money. There is little hope of finding the robbers.

FOREIGN.

A Vienna despatch to the *Times* says: The Powers are fully determined to carry out to the last extremity the decisions of the Berlin Conference.

A Berlin despatch to the *St. James Gazette* says: Consular reports confirm the rumors that hostilities have commenced between the Albanians and Montenegrins.

Despatches from Bombay announce that General Burrows' brigade has been annihilated at Candahar, Afghanistan. British troops have been ordered to the seat of the disaster, but the English seem to be tired of the policy Lord Beaconsfield inaugurated.

London, August 1.—Mr. Gladstone caught a chill after leaving the House of Commons on Friday, and is now suffering from congestion of the left lung. The latest bulletin issued on Sunday evening says his condition is less favorable, owing to a slight fever, but that he is in no immediate danger. The Queen telegraphed to ascertain his condition.

The interference with American vessels along the Cuban coast, has called for a prompt correspondence between the United States Government and the Spanish-Cuban authorities. Early in June the Ethel Merritt and Eunice Newcomb were fired into, and a month afterwards, when notice had been given of the outrage, the schooner George Washington was searched, and this it is alleged is without ex cuse. The plea for such irregular transactions has been the attempts of Spanish gentry resident in America to get up insurrections, but it is very thin.

A Constantinople despatch to the *Times* says: Whatever the Sultan's real intentions are, he is continuing military preparations, and efforts are making to obtain a small advance from the Galata bankers on the security of the next year's tithes. As the Beys oppose the annexation of Turkish territory to Greece for fear of losing their properties, Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador, and some of his colleagues, have proposed to the Porte that if no resistance is made the Powers will give efficient guarantees that all landed and movable property of the Mussulmans shall be respected.

New York, July 28.—A letter dated Havana, July 24, says: "The insurrection which commenced in August of last year, and is dragging up to the present moment, seems to be considered as virtually ended since congratulations and decorations have been profusely sent from Spain, and not a day passes on which General Blanco does not receive acknowledgments and congratulations from the interior of the island. However, as long as Calixto Garcia, the prominent ex-chief of the first insurrection, still defies the Spanish troops the end of the insurrection cannot be officially proclaimed. There may be isolated disturbances here on the island; nobody who knows the character of the people and of the soil will doubt that they will occur from time to time for some years to come.

London, July 28.—A Constantinople despatch to the *Daily Telegraph* says: "An extraordinary Cabinet council to-day—Tuesday—completed the reply to the collective note of the Powers. In the evening the Sultan's Irade was issued approving the text of the reply. The Minister of Foreign Affairs then signed it and it was handed to the Ambassadors the same evening. The reply, which is vigorously worded, is substantially the same as the previous version, which was given as follows: "It points out that Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin merely expressed a wish for and authorized the Powers to offer mediation. It declares that the decision of the recent conference gives Greece more territory than Protocol 13 of the Treaty of Berlin indicated, and that the proposed cession includes positions which it is impossible for Turkey to surrender. The reply was drawn up by Musurus Pasha, who returned to Constantinople recently at the request of the Sultan."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a leading editorial article, says: "The disaster at Candahar would be half compensation if it awakes the country to a determination to come out of Afghanistan, 'bag and baggage;' have nothing to do with Candahar and as little as possible with Cabul; to abandon that imposture called the 'scientific frontier' and place ourselves at the earliest possible moment in a position from which we can look back upon the monstrous Afghan blunder of our day as we look back upon the monstrous Afghan blunder of a generation ago."

The *Times* in a leading editorial article says: "There need be but little cause for anxiety in regard to the immediate result of Ayoob Khan's success. He will be checked and defeated without material difficulty. The chief cause for anxiety lies in considerations which cannot yet be estimated. We must await fuller information before we can judge how far this sudden display of force indicated a general movement on the part of the Afghans in Ayoob Khan's favor. The disappointment of a speedy settlement and withdrawal from the country may be only temporary."

Acknowledgments.

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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 31, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour.—The sales reported comprised about 1,000 barrels in lots, on a basis of quotations as follows: Supers at $2.75@3.25; winter extras, $3.50@4; Pennsylvania family, new, $5@5.25; do. do., mixed and old, fair and fancy, $5.25@5.62; Ohio and Indiana do., $5.25@6.25; high grades do., $6.50; St. Louis do., $5.75@6.50; winter patent, $6.75@7.50; Minnesota extras, $5.75@6.50; do. straights, $6.50@7; do. patents, $7.25@8.25. Rye Flour was firm at $5.50 for good Pennsylvania.

Wheat.—At the morning Board 30,000 bushels No. 2 red, July, sold at $1.17, and immediately after the noon session 40,000 bushels do. do. at $1 18; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1.18½; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1,19; 10,000 bushels do. do. at $1.20; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1.24; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1.25, and 10,000 bushels do., spot, at $1.24½, which was the closing rate. Later options were about ½c. higher, with a fairly active trade in August, of which 5,000 bushels sold at $1.08⅝ and 30,000 bushels at $1.09, closing at the latter rate, with $1.09½ bid and $1.09¾ asked September, and $1.09½ bid and $1.10½ asked October. On the open market track and store lots were neglected and weak at relatively low prices. We note sales of 800 bushels rejected, on track, at $1.01; 400 bushels No. 2 red, in store, at $1.10, and car lots do., in elevator, at $1.17@1.22. Shipments, 46,388 bushels; stock in elevators, 467,489 bushels.

Corn.—We note sales of a few cars low rejected at 45c.; good do. at 48@48½c., and high mixed at 50@50½c., with yellow scarce and nominally quoted at 52c. Nothing was done in options at either Board, the closing rates at the noon call being 48c., bid and 49c. asked for sail mixed July; 48⅝c. bid and 48⅞. asked for August; 49½c. bid and 49½c. asked September, and 49½c. bid and 50½c. asked for October. Shipments, 49,238 bushels. Stock in elevators, 1,051,025 bushels.

Oats.—The sales were 5,000 bushels at 41½c.; 5,000 bushels at 40½c., and 20,000 bushels at 41c., after which, as above noted, there were sellers without buyers at 40½c. On the open market there was little doing. A few cars only changed hands on a basis of 35@37c. for rejected white; 36c. for No. 2 mixed; 39@40c. for No. 3 white, and 43c. early for No. 2 mixed on track. Fu ures were quiet at 35½c. bid and 35¾c. asked for No. 2 white August, and 35½c. bid and 35⅝c. asked for September.

Rye was dull and nominal at 70c. for Pennsylvania.

Groceries.—Coffee was dull and steady, with sales of 300 bags low grade and good Rio at 11½@15½c.; 200 bags ordinary and fair Laguayra at 13½@14½c., and 50 bags fair Maracaibo at 15¾c. Raw Sugars were not offered, but in good request and strong at 7⅞@7⅞. for fair to good refining muscovados. Refined Sugars were active and strong at 10¾c. for cut loaf, 10¾c for granulated and 10½c. for mould A. Molasses was dull and not reliably quotable. Rice was quiet but firm at 5¾@7¼c. for poor to choice Carolina.

Provisions.—We quote Mess Pork at $14.50; shoulders in salt, 5@5½c.; do. smoked, 6¾@6c.; pickled bellies at 7@8c., as to average; do. shoulders, 5½@6c. Loose butchers' Lard, 7@7¼c; prime steam do., $7.75; city kettle refined do. at 8@8½c. Beef Hams at $21.50@22; smoked do., 11@12c.; sweet pickled Hams, 9@9¾c., as to average; extra India Mess Beef, $16, f. o. b.; family, $11.50; packet do. $10.50. City Tallow, 6¼@6 5-16c.

Butter.—Shippers were buying low grades at 10@12c., but were not operating in qualities held above these rates. We quote creamery extras, at 27c.; do. good to choice, 24@25c.; imitation creamery, 14@20c., as to quality; Bradford tubs, extras, 24@25c.; York State tubs, extras, 24c.; fair to good, 20@22c.; Western dairy, fancy, 20@21c.; do. fair to choice at 14@19c.; factory packed, 14@18c., as to quality; common grades, 10@12c. Rolls, 10@17c., the latter for choice. Prints—Fancy at 30@32c.; do. firsts at 25@28c.; do. seconds at 15@22c.

Eggs.—For the day the market ruled quiet all around, but prices underwent no material change. Some Western in bad order were quoted at 14c., but the bulk of the business reported was at 15c. for fresh marks and State and near-by brands in crates.

Cheese.—We quote New York factory, choice, at 10½c; fair to good do., 9@10c.; half skims do., 7½@8c.; Ohio, choice, 8¾@9c.; do.. fair to good, 7½@8c.; do., soft skims, 5@6c.; do. hard skims, 3@4c.

Live Poultry.—Chickens moved slowly at 11@12c., as to quality. Ducks were dull at 9@10c.

Hay and Straw.—Hay was in light demand and easy at unchanged prices. Straw continued quiet. We quote choice North Pennsylvania timothy Hay at $24@25; prime Western and York State do. at $20@21; fair and choice mixed do at $19@20. Rye Straw at $18@19 for new; oat do. at $12, and wheat do. at $9@10 ₱ ton.

Seeds.—Clover was jobbing fairly at 8@8½c., as to quality. Timothy was steady at $3 for jobbing sales of old, with new quoted to arrive at $2.35@2.40. Flax was taken to arrive at the extent of 20,000 bushels by crushers at $1.30.

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